BRITANNIA and EVE

JUNE
1944

DAY RUSSELL
STANLEY JACKSON

C. FOX SMITH
JANE GORDON

F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 28, No. 6 JUNE, 1944

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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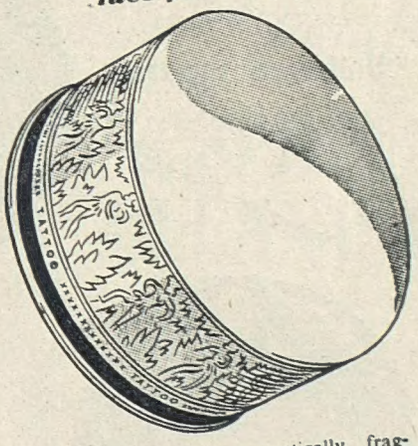

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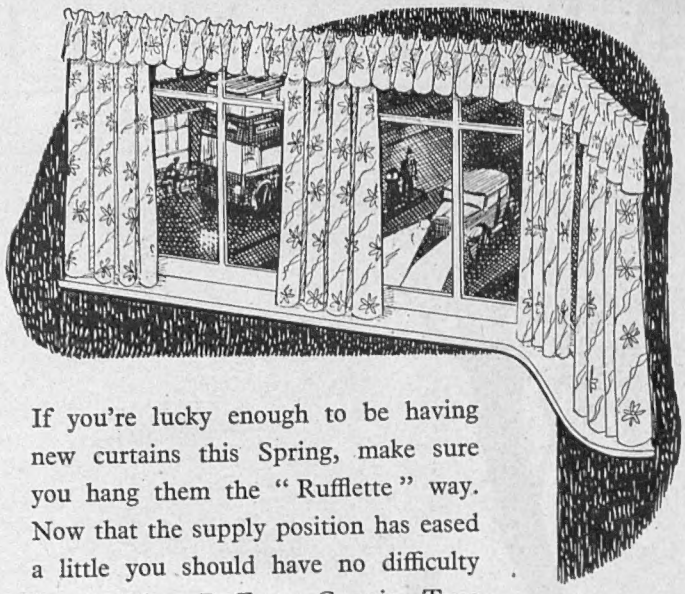

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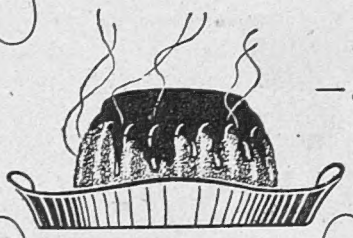

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SUET PUDDING

Mix together 8 ozs flour, 2½ ozs chopped suet and ¾ teaspoon baking powder; add water to make a dropping consistency. Put about 5 ozs jam* in the bottom of a greased mould and pour pudding mixture on top; cover with greased paper and steam for two hours.

Enough for five portions.

**Plum Jam is specially recommended for this pudding.*

The experience of over 70 years as FRUIT GROWERS as well as fruit preservers ensures that even in war-time CHIVERS JAMS are the best money can buy. The increased Preserves Ration will enable you to give the family plenty of lovely jam puddings, so cut out this easy-to-make recipe (an old favourite) and serve it at lunch tomorrow—no sugar is required.

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The Orchard Factory
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J.386

Boys will still be boys, perhaps more so, in war-time. If MERIDIAN is *not* still the same because of "Utility" restrictions, you *still* cannot spend coupons or money better than on MERIDIAN.

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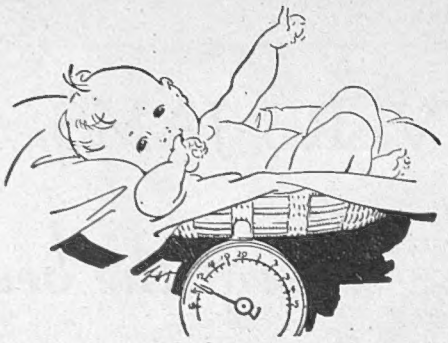

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Deep, peaceful, unbroken sleep is vital to infant growth. When baby is cross, fretful, sleepless, those weekly ounces of gain do not appear on the scales. Mother, take care! Look to baby's digestion.

The minute you see baby feverish, constipated, suffering with wind, just give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Soon comes pleasant relief. 'Milk of Magnesia' safely and surely sweetens the sour little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, soothes and calms baby. And with sourness and sickness gone, with bowel movements regular, you are overjoyed to see restful, healthy sleep again. Baby makes those steady gains in weight that are the delight of every Mother.

Doctors and Nurses recommend 'Milk of Magnesia' as a safe antacid and gentle laxative for babies.

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SWEET OR DRY

8/6

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Vermouth

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'Excellent biscuits' . . .

SAID THE PRINCE

'Your Royal Highness's munificence' said Dr. Oliver, pocketing the Prince's cheque, 'cannot be exceeded save by'... 'the quality of your excellent biscuits,' interrupted the Prince.

Already famous among the fashionables of that day were these excellent biscuits invented by Dr. Oliver. After over two centuries their unique palatability and flavour remain unchanged. Wartime demands have made Bath Oliver Biscuits less plentiful, but they should be readily available again when the world returns to peace.

Fortts

BATH OLIVER

BISCUITS

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

Eat for beauty

IT'S no exaggeration to say that what you eat helps to make you feel what you are. Do you feel full of pep at the end of the day, or too tired to live? Is your figure slim and lovely, or developing a 'spare tyre' round the waistline? Do you get spots; or have trouble with your teeth? Correct diet helps to prevent such troubles, and in war time it's more than ever important to know which foods mean health and beauty.

Correct diet consists of proteins, fats, carbohydrates, minerals, vitamins and water. Proteins, essential for strengthening muscles and repairing daily wear and tear on the body, you get from your meat ration (plus any fish, liver or kidney you can get) and from cheese. Carbohydrates provide energy and maintain good health, without which no woman can be beautiful; they're in cornflakes, potatoes, sugar, jam, sweet puddings. Fats help you to do hard work and keep warm; make sure you get your fair share of family rations of butter and margarine. Minerals build bones and teeth; you get them from nuts, cheese, milk, eggs, green vegetables (raw or lightly cooked).

Vitamins are most important for beauty. Vitamin A is the "protective" vitamin — helps you to resist disease; get it from milk, butter, margarine, eggs, cod liver oil. Vitamin B helps to prevent constipation (and you know how important that is for a lovely figure!); it also helps to keep the skin and hair beautiful. Vitamin B is in potatoes, bread, green vegetables. Vitamin C also keeps the complexion clear and prevents the disease called scurvy. Eat Vitamin C in green vegetables and raw salads. Lack of Vitamin D may mean poor development of teeth; get Vitamin D from the same sources as Vitamin A.

You may not like having to admit that glamour starts in the stomach, but it does, so try to eat wisely. Then you'll have a good foundation on which to use your precious Icilma Beauty Preparations, which add the final magical touch of beauty for "special occasions."

★ ***Cut this out and keep it*** — *This and other talks to follow come to you with the good wishes of the makers of Icilma Beauty Products— Vanishing Cream, Cold Cream, Face Powder, Flesh-tinted Cream and Shampoos.*

IC 288-96

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When the Post-war Girl opens her Book of Fashion, she'll find a new order in foundation garments! For the latest Youthlines will be there, to give the smooth silhouette which a streamlined age will demand. As for comfort—but you'll be hearing all about these new creations in good time. Meanwhile, remember **Youthline**

GIRDLES, CORSELETTES AND BRAS BY W.B.

Whenever I see
hands in a stocking,
I think:
"Ah—

Aristoc!"

Sigh no more, lady. The fruits of victory will include a plentiful supply of lovely, clinging Aristoc. Meanwhile we are making the best possible war-time stockings—*Aristoc Utility*—and a few *Raystoc* and *Aristile*. Supplies are limited, but fair shares are distributed to all Aristoc dealers.

FINE GAUGE FULL FASHIONED STOCKINGS

It has been quite a problem

to carry on the efficient service so cheerfully given in the past. Our first thought was for the children and we immediately discontinued making men's and women's goods to concentrate on children's garments. But even by that effort we have not been able to catch up with the ever-increasing demand for Chilprufe. Chilprufe Agents are receiving a fair share and are anxious to please by equitable distribution.

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"Waukeezi" SERVICE FOOTWEAR

WAUKEEZI SHOE COMPANY LTD.

A new taste-thrill!

Shredded raw cabbage in salads

Yes; here it is: clean-tasting, nutty, with a hint of "pep" to liven up war-jaded palates. Anyone who has not yet tasted a salad containing shredded raw cabbage is missing a real taste-treat.

Then, too, first class as are properly cooked greens and fresh fruits for giving you that feeling of well-being, for clearing the skin, for rosy cheeks, good teeth, and glossy hair, *uncooked* cabbage and other green-leaved vegetables are even better still. So why not brighten up your menus and do yourself and family good at the same time! Eat "something green and raw every day" as the Radio Doctor says.

Just try these three ways of enjoying salads :—

Pilchard Salad

4 pilchards, ½ lb. cold cooked potatoes, cubed; 1 doz. radishes; 2 tablespoons chopped parsley; 1 finely chopped leek; 2 tablespoons salad dressing; ½ lb. shredded cabbage or other greens; watercress.

Flake the fish and mix with the other ingredients except the cabbage and 1 tablespoon parsley. Add sufficient salad dressing to moisten well. Pile on the shredded greens and decorate with parsley, watercress and radishes. *To make the "flowers" if you wish, split long-shaped radishes nearly to base several times with sharp knife. Put into cold water and they will open out.*

(Instead of the pilchards, sometimes have cheese, hard-boiled dried egg, small pieces of meat, bacon, or other fish. With bread and butter or margarine and a milky drink any one of these salad combinations makes a complete meal.)

Palette Salad

For eye appeal and encouragement to appetite this salad takes some beating. Serve as a "side-dish" or as a separate course. *3 oz. shredded cabbage, 4 oz. grated beetroot, 2 oz. grated parsnip, 1 oz. chopped leek, 2 oz. carrot cut in strips. All the vegetables are used raw.* Lay shredded cabbage in oblong dish. Arrange a border of grated beetroot round edge of dish, and other vegetables as desired.

Salad Sandwiches

These are an excellent way to introduce salad-eating to young children, who sometimes "can't get through" a plateful of salad. Ring the changes by mixing with the shredded cabbage some watercress, mustard and cress, parsley or any other vegetables, chopped or shredded. Sprinkle with a little seasoning if liked. If you are making salad sandwiches for packed main meals, mix with the vegetables some body-builder such as hard boiled dried egg, grated cheese, chopped meat or bacon, or some fish. Mix with salad dressing.

TRY THIS SALAD DRESSING
(NO MILK REQUIRED)

2 oz. margarine; 2 oz. flour, 1 pint well-flavoured vegetable water, salt and pepper, 3-4 tablespoons vinegar, 1-2 teaspoons made mustard, 1 teaspoon sugar. Melt the margarine and mix in the flour. When smooth add the vegetable water and stir till boiling. Boil 2-3 minutes and then add remaining ingredients to taste.

MF

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S91)

Fantasia

SWIFT runs the brook, and hangs a head of flowing curls about one oval stone. A leaf, borne on the evening wind, glides down to kiss this image in the stream. Beyond the bend, prim, spindly reeds whisper the secret among themselves.

Fantasy, yes. Every fairy story is a fantasy. That is the beauty of it — a beauty that attracts not only the child but the mother who reads it to her children. A woman's passion for beauty is no mere accident of vanity. It is part of her being. She is constantly seeking loveliness. It is her ambition to express it through her personality.

Seeking and serving loveliness, it is only fitting that she would be lovely too. Connoisseur of life's richest gifts, she brings this same good taste to bear on her choice of clothes, cosmetics and all those things which have a part in her personal beauty. Perhaps this explains why she chooses COTY AIR SPUN.

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They're Smart
They're Hutton's

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HANDMADE COSMETICS

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Schweppes

The Salt of the Earth

They came from the North lands,
They came from the South lands,
They came from the mountains,
They came from the fens,
They drilled hard with rifle,
They drilled with their bayonets,
They practised with mortars,
They practised with Stens.

Now they're fighting our battles,
And in spirit we're with them.
They're fighting our battles,
And proving their worth.
They won't *all* get medals
They won't *all* get mention,
But they're *all* British soldiers,
The salt of the earth.

SALUTE THE SOLDIER

Let us salute him, the man who fights our battles for us. Let us Salute the Soldier by going without just a little more, by giving up just a little more. and by saving even more.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Liberty Rockersoles save shipping and leather

Liberty Rockersoles save shipping and leather

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B.E.3

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QUALITY SOFT DRINKS

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Baked Beans — Soups — Salad Cream — Mayonnaise

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY LIMITED LONDON

Britannia and Eve JUNE 1944

The men of the orchestra stared at her in amazement, because the particular passage she played was considered difficult by even the finest violinists

Sideshow In Berlin

A Drama of the Vaudeville Stage

By

Day Russell

FLYING OFFICER PETER HAWKINS stood at the tall windows of the English country mansion and watched the rain driving against the panes. He was looking at nothing except his own thoughts because the vista of the great park cut into runways, and of elms that stood grouped ideally for aircraft dispersion, was cut off by the rain.

Behind him the panelled room was alive with shop talk as air crews, unable to do anything but talk on such a day, lounged around the wide fireplace, buried in leather-covered arm-chairs and settees, perched on the arms or squatting on hassocks. The cheerful and changing pattern of flames from the big fire seemed to appeal to them all as the only possible antidote to the weather out of doors.

Only Peter Hawkins stood alone. Somehow that last raid of two nights ago on Berlin had kept his thoughts on Celeste. All of the others in that room had been over Berlin. A few of the Englishmen had visited Berlin in peacetime, but none of them knew it as he knew it. But then, none of them had been a foot-loose hoofer with a Continental non-stop revue; none of them knew that curious haven, that walled-in park that was the garden of the Scala Theatre in Berlin; none of them knew Celeste, the slender, ethereal girl of the French roller-skating act.

The Scala Theatre and its garden were gone now. It was curious to think he might have dropped the bombs that dissolved them and all their memories into the dust of past dreams.

Celeste was gone too, and their love had been a summer flower that had been plucked at the moment of its loveliest.

Peter Hawkins stared out into the rain. Sometimes, for his twenty-four years, he felt incredibly old.

The Padre had spotted him standing alone and knew why these moods settled on Hawkins. Part of the Padre's job was to dissolve such moods.

"Something on your mind, Peter?"

Peter seemed to wake out of a dream.

"Hullo, Padre!" He gave a wry smile and added: "It's Berlin this time. Did you ever get there when it was whole?"

"I was there in the summer of '39."

"And you didn't go to the Scala?"

XX

"Not my line, I'm afraid."

"You'd have seen me if you had."

"And Trudi and Kadey?"

"Yes, but it was Celeste in Berlin."

The Padre hesitated. This mere boy had packed more experience into his short life than most men in a lifetime, and, remembering a certain Hamburg episode Peter had related, he wondered whether he had better encourage the telling of another. But Peter was already talking.

"I guess she was used to risking her life. As if the act were not fast enough, she and her partner worked on a revolving stage, and at the climax he picked her up by one hand and one ankle and they swung faster and faster and the stage went faster and faster till she was just a streak of movement. One slip and she would have flown half across the theatre to her death. And those Berliners lapped it up—excitable people, the Jerries. They clapped and stamped and cheered as if trying to make them go faster till Celeste had to crash.

"I guess I didn't notice Celeste so much at first. It was a new act, and in vaudeville you are always more interested at first in what people do than what they are. Then, suddenly, you see a person behind the act and it hits you like a revelation.

"It happened to me one night."

Flying Officer Peter Hawkins stared out into the rain, and he could see that scene again as if it were a moving picture passing across the rain-streaked window.

THE orchestra had been doing a number on stage and they had come downstairs to go through the hall on their way back to the orchestra-pit. In the Continental theatres there was always a hall the width of the theatre flanked by dressing-rooms, and at the Scala the hall was below stage.

As the musicians passed, Celeste came out of her dressing-room. She looked like one of Raphael's angels. She was slender, but with a delicately beautiful figure that had grace in every movement. Her head was a mass of close chestnut curls, again so like the paintings of Raphael's angels. Her eyes were very blue, her skin white and soft, and her features small and perfect.

She stood at the door of her dressing-room, smiling. She was wearing nothing except the small triangle of the blue satin trunks of her act. Peter Hawkins seemed to see her then for the first time. So did the concert master; he stopped, startled by her sudden beauty; he lifted his violin and played a little serenade to her, speaking the words of an old German love song. She did not understand German, or else didn't want to give it

Peter, sitting with Celeste, watched the kaleidoscopic scene passing in and out of the sunlight and knew he was happy. He knew that Celeste was in love with him

away, but she smiled and held up her hand for the fiddle. Thinking she wanted, like a child, to hold it for a moment, he gave it to her. But she laid the brown polished back of the fiddle against her small breast and broke softly into a Brahms waltz, playing the double stops with flawless intonation.

The men of the orchestra stared at her in amazement, because the particular passage she played was considered difficult by even the finest violinists.

The concert master stared unbelieving. He spoke to her in French. "You play like that . . . you must have spent many years practising . . . and yet you do a roller-skating act, risking your life at every performance. . . . Why?"

Celeste smiled and said nothing, just shrugging her white shoulders.

"But you are an artist," said the concert master. Then he too shrugged his shoulders in a puzzled manner and passed on. "*Du bist verrükt!* You are crazy!"

Peter could not take his eyes from her and, as from some other world, he could hear Rita, of the Italian comedy act, talking about her.

"Such a beautiful girl! She is so talented; she is also a ballet dancer and she has so much charm when one talks to her . . . but she has no brains."

One of the English chorus-girls laughed. "I think she has plenty of brains."

"Well, yes, brains," said Rita, who sat in her jewelled trunks and brassière for her runway act. "But, I mean, she never wants to keep her clothes on."

"She has the French way," said the English girl. "She has the habit, that is all."

FLYING OFFICER PETER HAWKINS was talking as if to himself. He was an odd boy, thought the Padre, to have been a tap-dancer in vaudeville. True, he had the loose, easy grace of a dancer and, on the tall side but slim, he wore clothes well. With that diffident charm of his when he smiled and that smooth copper hair with the distracting wave in it, it was small wonder girls gravitated to him without much effort on his part. But, compared with some of the boys, he seemed to have very little interest in most girls. His moods were temperamental, but, with a little gentle encouragement, they melted away with his stories.

Peter Hawkins talked, but he did not hear his own words. He was back on a summer afternoon in the garden of the Scala Theatre, lying against the thick bole of a tree whose deep shadow cut a great dark pattern over the sun-splashed grass. Celeste was sitting by his side, dressed for her act, one hand resting in his.

It was a hot afternoon and the garden was full of the life and colour of the Continental Revue, whose members, all in costume, all made up, sat around ready for the *matinée* performance at four o'clock.

The garden was a world of its own, and even the 300 members of the revue did not seem to crowd it. This was where they spent their days through the long summer season at the Scala, morning, noon and night, sitting in the shadows of the great trees while the breeze ruffled through the leaves.

The garden, as large as two city blocks, was completely secluded from the outside world. It was flanked on one side by the stage doors which opened the whole back-stage to the garden. The other sides were enclosed by the high, windowless walls of *pensions*. None of the busy street noises of Berlin could be heard, not even through the tunnelled gateway on the far side through which the big scenery trucks could drive.

Along the *pension* walls were big lorries fitted as dressing-rooms, because there were not enough dressing-rooms, even in

Illustrations by Jack Faulks

the Scala, for so many artistes. These caravans were as gay as a gipsy encampment; costumes, properties, pots and pans hung about them and their occupants lazed around them in full costume on the steps and the grass. Under a row of trees stretched long tables and benches. Here the artistes could dine picnic fashion, without changing costume between the *matinée* and the evening performance. Hula, of the Hawaiian act, sat on a table strumming his guitar while his wife, Olivia, sang quietly. Sunlight and shadow cut across the grass in great swaths, lighting and subduing the colours of costumes in a hundred combinations. The smaller patterns of the garden were thrust into the background by the larger patterns of groups of players lying, sitting, leaning, laughing, talking, playing or snatching a few moments of sleep. The Rastellas, of the Italian comedy act, were together as usual, Papa snoring on his back; Mama, a vast curve on a tiny three-legged stool, was working at her Russian cross-stitch; Rita, the daughter, was sitting with Madonna-like stillness dreaming of love. In a clear space in the full sunlight the Arab tumblers from French Africa were rehearsing a new pyramid. Their chief cried "Up, up!", and with wild shouts they flung themselves at one another and a momentary chaos piled swiftly into a design of balanced muscle. At a sign from their chief the pyramid dissolved with eye-dazzling agility and barbaric shouts. They were simple, happy souls, these Arabs, bought as children by their chief from the tents of their parents; but they were the despair of the German police in the never-ending checking and registration of foreigners. The police could never be sure how many Arabs there were or whose passport was whose, because the Arabs, eager to co-operate, would answer every question in the affirmative and two or three would answer every question.

The girls of the English precision chorus were making tea at one of the long tables, lucky on the hot afternoon because they wore nothing but their white satin bathing-suits of the opening chorus. The numerous family of the Chinese juggling act slashed the quiet of the scene with elaborate gold and scarlet costumes; Shantoya, of the Javanese ballet, a brilliant scholar and linguist, sat with Mario, the renegade son of an Italian count, the clown of the company but also the most highly cultured member.

Peter, sitting with Celeste, watched the kaleidoscopic scene passing in and out of the sunlight and knew he was happy. He knew that Celeste was in love with him. Her crystal-blue eyes wandered over him, from the copper-coloured hair that fell in a careless wave over his brow, over his slim length in the easy-fitting but elegant tropical suit of his first number. He was conscious of her love and knew that she was trying to struggle against it lest this new love of theirs should drown her career. And as Peter looked up into her eyes he wondered with all her varied talents what her career really was. She was puzzling, even as on that night she had puzzled the concert master.

"It is nearly four o'clock," he said. "Four hours for the *matinée*, half an hour for dinner and four hours the second show. Until twelve o'clock we shall see one another for moments only, but then . . ."

Celeste smiled, a disarming smile. "*Hélas*, but I have promised with Delysia and Vera, your English girls, to go to supper and the cabaret with Hans and the others of his act."

Peter sat up and stared into her eyes. He could not feel jealousy. "Hans! Hans, and his German strong men act!"

The strong men of the act were magnificent specimens of muscle, but they were so corny as an act that everyone knew they had been put in the company at the order of the Nazis because in September the revue was leaving for India and the Far East.

"Hans!" repeated Peter with as much feeling as would not aggravate the heat of the afternoon. "The whole act is a fake, and they are too. They are only planted spies."

Celeste shrugged. "One must have a little patience, mon Peter."

"But if you love me . . ."

"Ha!" A little sigh escaped from the lips of Celeste. "I love you. I love you so much." Her hand seemed to drift down to his cheek and trace its lines. "But one must be polite also. . . ."

At every exit there were men of the Gestapo

Peter would have taken that statement to pieces in his lazy way, but at that moment Pappy, the stage manager, was standing, big, fat and round, against the darkness of the stage behind him. He clapped his hands.

"Places, places!"

The kaleidoscopic variety of the garden merged into streams of colour up the runways to the stage.

FLYING OFFICER PETER HAWKINS seemed to wake from a reverie and stared in surprise at the rain-streaked window of the mess.

"Have I been talking sense, Padre?"

The Padre nodded. "Don't stop. Go on. You and Celeste were going on-stage. Celeste, where is she now?"

"I wish I knew." Peter's voice was quiet and seemed in those few words to hold a special venom for the Nazis.

He paused to light a cigarette and blow a haze of blue smoke before he began to speak again, and the blueness of the smoke brought back to him the blueness of the garden of the Scala in Berlin in the midsummer moonlight of that June night.

Blown to rubble now, all of it, no more than a memory in the minds of actors and vaudeville artistes like himself, for the garden was only for the players, and they were scattered to the four ends of the earth . . . or beyond it. Sometimes he felt it was all an illusion, a stage setting in which stage-folk, who dealt in illusion, created in real life the illusion that beauty, love and music belonged not only to the stage, but to all life.

Now he was waiting in that moonlight, waiting for Celeste to come breathless from her act. The full moon was high over the walls of the *pensions*, bathing the secluded garden in blue-green light. The shadows of the trees laid great patches of darkness on the grass and, in the muted light, artistes, waiting for their music cues, sat in costume talking or laughing quietly. Yellow light from the caravans glowed against the deep shadow of the walls, shafts of light from the stage door melted into the moonlight and a row of low lights lay on the grass from the basement dressing-rooms. Music, muted by the scenery back-stage, floated into the garden, and at regular intervals distant applause rolled from the stage door with a sound like waves falling lazily on a beach. (*Continued on page* 66)

Someone was running through the garden to their tree. It was Mario, the thin, tall aristocratic Mario, his costume and make-up of a clown ludicrous over his tense excitement. He knew where to find them

A quartet of film stars—portrait gallery of contemporary man's taste in girls—who hold pride of place as favourite pin-up girls in soldiers' hutments. 1, Ginger Rogers; 2, Greer Garson; 3, Rita Hayworth; 4, Eleanor Powell

To-morrow's Venus . . .

The Post-War Girl—the New Woman Whose General Aspect and Characteristics Brand an Age. What will she be like?

By C. Patrick Thompson

SHYLY, at first, he pins up the girl. Later he does it boldly. Finally, moving to new quarters, it's a casual chore. Sling gas mask and helmet at the foot of the bunk. Stack your rifle in the rack. Pin-up the girl.

Or girls. For by then the soldier has changed. Instead of one girl he has several, and every so often he tires of one and pulls her down, gives her away, trades her, or merely discards her and replaces her by a new favourite. Warriors who have the pin-up-girl habit strongly developed will sometimes dump a whole seraglio, and recruit a new lot from the pages of the latest film magazine or illustrated periodical to arrive in the mail. Or leave those they have been living with for weeks or months, reckoning on inheriting some other fellow's houris in the hut, tent, emplacement, blockhouse or cave which will be his shelter for just so long.

His own girl he doesn't pin up. She stays in his wallet. She is different. He expects to live with her all his life long, if he survives the war. But the pin-up girl is a dream, a game, and something nice to look at. Maybe she also is to some extent what the soldier would like his girl to look like if she could look that way and not change and still be his girl.

Men in wars have always been like this. Men without women are lonely men. Possibly the first portrait of a woman was the flint scratch or chalk scrawl made on a cave wall by a wandering primordial warrior, impelled to make an image for his eye of the missing and enchanted part of the pattern of his male life.

In the aggregate these pin-up girls of the Global War are a portrait gallery of contemporary man's taste in girls. They are mainly film stars, sleek and glossy, and, when they come in colours, stunning in their gorgeousness. Beside them, the pin-up girls of the last war—and especially the sloppy and lascivious pastel-tinted Kirchner girl—look meagre and washed out, look like underdeveloped photographs taken in a bad light. Art more than nature is responsible for this.

Out of this conglomeration of contemporary feminity is coming, somehow, sometime, to-morrow's Venus — the post-war girl, the new woman whose general aspect and characteristics brand an age, and condition the work of writers, playwrights, poets and artists.

What will she be like? The question sounds like a quiz for amateur brains trusts. The lady is, however, important. She is a biological phenomenon. She is entwined with the population curve, up or down. In her you can read the fate of nation and race—as the Greeks discovered, too late. She is a major economic factor, and a chief commercial problem. Playwrights, theatre entrepreneurs, writers, artists, television technicians, are already guessing about her. Film manufacturers, clothing producers and specialized statistical bureaux are trying to outline her in advance in curves on graphs and mass-survey reactions and data translated into preferences and percentages.

The fashion makers are especially interested. If one spots the new woman in advance, his name and fortune are made. If he remains behind with the outmoded Venus, he fades more completely than yesterday's news. Between 1914 and 1924 the first happened to Molyneux and the second to Poiret. Poiret had been patronized by a Premier's wife, lent No. 10 for a dress show. It did not help him at all. His Venus had ceased to excite. His vogue went.

Women of course are always changing their looks. But normally the change is slow. Wars accelerate the transition process. So do great social upheavals. The Directory in France threw women back to the Greece of Phryne. Josephine put on sandals and a long white décolleté dress (*Continued on page* 53)

Where Are The FORGOTTEN

KURT SCHUSCHNIGG, ex-Austrian Chancellor, whom Hitler has put in a Bavarian spa

PRINCE STARHEMBERG, ex-Vice-Chancellor of Austria, now in an Allied service in Africa

PRINCE OTTO OF AUSTRIA, the Pretender, now forgotten in his Washington office

EDOUARD DALADIER, a former French Premier, is living as a prisoner in a Tyrol hotel

PAUL REYNAUD, the French Premier at the time of the fall of France, is also in a Tyrol hotel

A GRAVE shortage of political leaders is as sure a legacy of Hitlerism as any with which the liberating nations will have to contend on the Continent. The Nazis are deliberately seeing that this shall be so, and they are helped by the discrediting of former leaders and by the normal deaths and ailing of these.

Hopes are entertained that the various anti-Nazi movements will succeed in keeping real leaders under cover until the end. But it is realized that such hopes may prove unduly optimistic in view of the length of time the Germans will have been ransacking these movements.

And if it be claimed that the governments in exile will supply the missing leaders, or many of them, that too is optimistic, it being well known in advance that these regimes have neither the quality nor the quantity to meet requirements.

Well, nothing need surprise in the wake of this war and I should not marvel if a third source were to declare itself and we were to see several forgotten men tripping back. Inside or outside Germany, these may not all have *finis* written to their names.

There are degrees of forgotten men, much depending on who is forgetting them. Italians would scarcely have paid more heed to the return of an embalmed Baldwin than did the British public to the decisive emergence in Southern Italy of a wizened, spectacled little fellow named Dalmio Togliatti. As "Ercoli," he had been twenty-three years in Russia, in oblivion for all save Communist Party members, but no sooner did he arrive in Italy than Victor, Badoglio, Sforza, Croce and all, got a move on. Yet Mussolini had long written off Togliatti as finally as any of us have deleted Mosley. A rank outsider in the Forgotten Man Stakes might be Grandi, who has been lying beardlessly low in a Lisbon suburb. One merely mentions him because of his undoubted tie-up with Victor and Badoglio and on account of sympathies he once aroused other than in Axis circles.

In passing, is it quite wise to rate Mosley as a forgotten man? Baldwin, yes. And several of his erstwhile aides if they would only give us the chance to forget them. But a brazen careerist not without appeal, like Oswald, could still bob up, given health and the proper locality, in an epoch which should see a variety of *putsches*.

It is sometimes difficult to know who is dead and who isn't. For me, Kurt Schuschnigg returned to life last autumn when he was shifted to a Bavarian spa. "Snow-white" now. But I wondered why Hitler had kept this fellow-Austrian alive at all, who had dared to cross him. Can it be that Hitler is preserving certain ones who stood out against him, in order to put them propitiatingly forward to the Allies for re-establishment as part of a negotiated settlement? It is at least an explanation of Schuschnigg's continuance, for the Austrians, with practically no one in sight to run their promised republic, might think twice about rejecting an ex-Chancellor who at least kept his integrity along with his obstinacy.

Guido Schmidt, Foreign Minister who betrayed Schuschnigg, has been trying to repent from Switzerland but he is likely to remain as forgotten as Otto, in his Washington office, and Starhemberg, in a French-African outfit. Far more likely shall we hear of some Austrian Social-Democrat, like a Bauer, coming from obscurity. And talking of Switzerland, the Aga Khan will have to nip back or he'll be forgotten by his millions of faithful Moslems. A neighbour of his at Geneva, Joseph Avenol, had not long been Secretary-General of the League when war cracked down on that monument to human frailty and incompetence, and stranger things could happen than that the name of Avenol should gain world-wide currency as the first director of the successor organization. He has all the strings. But he is French and Washington mightn't like that.

On account of its Red Cross immunity, Switzerland is a place to watch for forgotten men. A slippery customer to seek recent sanctuary there was the chief French Munich-eer, Georges Bonnet. Who of France's *grands oubliés* are likely to be heard from again? The last to join them was Giraud.

Weygand shares hotel accommodation in the Tyrol with the former Premiers, Daladier and Reynaud, and the T.U.C. chief, Jouhaux. Gamelin may be with them, but the Jews, ex-Premier Blum and ex-Home Secretary Mandel, are somewhere less salubrious. Mandel, whose real name is Rothschild, has been reported now dead, now ill. Then there is President (not "ex") Lebrun, living under Nazi scrutiny in his Lorraine village. Herriot seems to be either dead or mentally collapsed. Ex-Premier Chautemps, a sneaking begetter of capitulation, walks a Washington suburb while his wife gives singing lessons. Ex-Premier Tardieu is paralysed at Mentone. Ex-Premier Flandin . . . but enough of French ex-Premiers.

General Noguès prefers Lisbon. Colonel de la Rocque, former Fascist chief, languishes near Vichy. His past opponent, Thorez, has been refused admission to Algiers because he is still technically a deserter from the 1939 French Army, so he must stay on in Moscow. Of this list, Thorez, Mandel, Lebrun and Blum are capable of playing a part in the next France. Thorez certainly will, and only less so the honoured Mandel if he lives through it. Lebrun could be projected as President until 1946, thereby simplifying "the Protocol"

LEON BLUM, the Popular Front ex-Premier of France, who is now a captive of the Nazis

PRESIDENT LEBRUN, who now lives under Nazi scrutiny in his native Lorraine village

MEN? By Ferdinand Tuohy

for de Gaulle. Old Blum's superb showing at the Riom Trials elevates him to Elder Statesman Number One, if *he* gets through.

Moscow will almost certainly propel into action more resuscitated figures than any other European capital. There is Dimitroff, of defiance-of-Goering fame, who may return to a sovietized Bulgaria, somewhere near the top. There is Gottwalk, who should have a lot to say in Prague. And Bela Kun, who led the 1919 red revolution in Hungary, is still on the job. And then there is La Pasionaria—or did she die last year in Russia? Anyway she sets one probing among forgotten Spaniards.

Will Europe's Pre-war Leaders Return to Post-war Activities?

The exterminating hand has left few untouched and, scanning the horizon, one picks up barely more than a Prieto, in Mexico, a Negrin, in London, a Del Vayos in New York. Prison bars might be lifted on one or two, like Barrios, but the only sure candidate for return, as things stand, seems to be the able Prieto.

Another forgotten one of whom we may well hear again is Paul Van Zeeland, who in 1937 trounced the Belgian Rexist and later quisling Degrelle. Banker-economist Van Zeeland journeys between the United States and Africa. His fortune will depend on the strength of the Catholic Liberal Party after liberation, and on his own inclinations.

Poland's outstanding pre-war leaders, Beck and Smigly-Rydz, will be lucky if they stay forgotten in the turmoil to come. But one of whom we might hear in certain extreme eventualities is Stoyadinovitch, who was taken in hand by us, in Jugoslavia, just before Prince Paul's treachery. Paul has chosen South Africa.

When we come to the Reich, there are several distinct possibilities in the way of forgotten men. The Nazis are capable of planting one or two men on the Allies. One or two more the Allies might themselves wish to resuscitate. And one or two others may come back by necessity or by reason of their functions. Anyway, I have thirteen names and should that sound excessive, bear in mind the utter penury of political and other leadership which the Nazis will leave as a main part of their principal monument—destruction.

Ex-Chancellor Bruening professes at Harvard and any one with an American send-off has to be doubly considered. He ducked Hitler early on and came here. His record as the last German to stand by the Constitution was not bad, as Weimar politicians went. Moreover, he is a Catholic Party Rhinelander, not given to excessive love of the Prussians who are going to be watered down. But Bruening, though he have the Iron Cross, might think it healthier to continue at Harvard. I know I should.

Horace Greeley Schacht is another with American connections. Hitler keeps Schacht in the background, probably using his skill. When the mark crashes, many in and out of Germany will think of Horace, who is said never quite to have understood himself how he made a former mark recover from twenty trillion to the pound to sixteen to the pound, all on a summer's day, back in 1924.

We pass to Thaelmann, the German Communist leader. Mystery. The Kremlin may have the facts. I've never met any one who could tell me a thing. Thaelmann has been in prison since about 1936. Or in the next world. Hitler knows. Hitler may even be holding a tamed Thaelmann in reserve, to do a stunt with. But this is pure hypothesis and for the nonce Thaelmann has the benefit of every doubt.

Then there is ex-Chancellor Wirth, a cheery erudite German whom I knew in Paris, which he preferred. Wirth was barbarously handed over by Vichy. Along with him go the Socialists. Breitsheid and Otto Wels, both of whom were similarly handed over. What has Hitler done with this trio who stood for German Liberalism? Are they being preserved as stooges for a new "Liberal" Germany, beneath which the Nazis might hope to manœuvre underground?

Next on the list, three diplomats: Baron von Neurath, Count von der Schulenburg, and Prince von Bismarck. Neurath quit as "Protector" of Bohemia after Heydrich was let loose. As one "of the old school," he may be trotted out in a denuded German diplomatic landscape. If Schulenburg comes back, it will be in some Russian connection, for he was Ambassador in Moscow when Reich and Soviet were drawing uncomfortably close together—uncomfortably so for others. Bismarck's last job was Rome and he seems to be now held on ice, his former popularity in several Allied capitals having assumed a fresh importance.

A cardinal must be included, for the Germans will play the Catholic Church strongly in trying to evade consequences. Cardinal Faulhaber, of Munich, won a reputation by fearlessly criticizing the Nazis. His lengthy silence (*Continued on page 64*)

GENERAL NOGUÈS, ex-High Commissioner of French Morocco, who lives in Lisbon rather than Vichy

PAUL VAN ZEELAND, the Belgian banker, spends his time in America and occasional journeys to Africa

GEORGE DIMITROFF has spent the past ten years in Moscow and may re-enter Bulgaria

HEINRICH BRUENING, Germany's ex-Chancellor, who is now a professor at Harvard

ERNST THAELMANN, the German Communist leader, whose real whereabouts is unknown

PRINCE RUPPRECHT OF BAVARIA is now living at Regensburg royalist settlement

FRITZ THYSSEN, the German industrialist. No report of his death has ever come through

The North Pacific—

Before the Coming of the Nazi Submarines

By C. Fox Smith

In 1864 the Confederate commerce raider "Shenandoah" penetrated as far as Bering Strait and turned and sank a number of New Bedford ships engaged in cutting out their whales from the ice

CORAL islands, ringed with waving palms . . . blue lagoons where brilliantly hued fish dart to and fro like living jewels . . . pearl fishers . . . beachcombers, disreputable but faintly romantic . . . treasure hoards of forgotten pirates . . . dusky beauties garlanded with hibiscus blossoms . . . a sea of sunlit blue under the deeper blue of the sky . . . and, sounding like a diapason through it all, the thunder of the surf on the reef . . . such, thanks to South Sea films and adventure fiction, are the ideas which are called up in most people's minds by the words Pacific Ocean.

And they are, to some extent, true enough—so far as the southern half of the Pacific Ocean is concerned. But it should not be forgotten that they form only one side of the picture; and the other side—the northern half—presents as sharp a contrast as could well be imagined.

I remember once talking to the captain of a Blue Funnel cargo liner in Victoria Harbour—what time the unforgettable West Coast afterglow flushed the evening sky, and the shrill chatter of the Chinese sailors playing fan-tan on the forecastle head mingled with the mewing of the gulls as they sat in long rows on the freight sheds—who expressed his views on the subject in no measured terms.

"Talk about the Western Ocean—why, I'd rather have it than this adjectival China passage any day! Cold and fog, cold and fog, and never a sight the whole way across—any one can have the North Pacific that likes for me. . . ."

And, again to some extent, he was about right, too! The North Pacific Ocean—certainly that part of it north of the 50th parallel—is a region of cold and ice, of mist and snow, of desolate and unpeopled shores, and stormy seas which are the realm of the rorqual, the walrus and the seal. It must, however, be said in its favour that it has no ice peril comparable to that of the Atlantic; no ocean currents carry the bergs and growlers into the shipping lanes, and the southerly limit of ice extends from the Aleutian group to the most northerly of the Kurile Islands.

Yet, when all is said, these bleak grey waters have a romance and a fascination of their own. North of Fifty-three there still lingers the lure of uncharted seas which has vanished from most of this strangely shrunken world—the magnet of the edge of beyond which has called to adventurous souls through the ages. Explorers, whalers, sealers—some drawn by the mysterious charm of the Arctic, some by greed of gain, some by the eternal demand of the grubstake—have nosed their way through these mist-shrouded channels and along these inhospitable shores, and many a one has left his own bones and those of his ship to moulder and whiten in the wastes.

THE first recorded exploration of the North Pacific polar regions was carried out by the Dane, Vitus Bering, serving in the navy of Peter the Great of Russia. Bering (presumably named after the saint whose assistance was specially invoked on behalf of sufferers from chorea and other spasmodic complaints) appears to have been a bold and skilful navigator. He was the first known voyager to sail through the strait which now bears his name, and so establish the fact that only about thirty-five miles of salt water divide the continents of Asia and America. Bering made his great discovery in 1728; but, like all polar adventurers, he returned to the magnetic north, and found a grave there. In 1741 his ship was wrecked on the most westerly of the Aleutian Islands, called for that reason Bering's Island, and he perished there with the rest of his crew from cold and hunger.

A few later explorers followed in Bering's wake. The Russian Liachov discovered New Siberia in 1773, and five years later Cook entered Bering Strait, but was forced back by ice. Most polar expeditions, however, approached the Arctic from the Atlantic side, and much of the early exploration of these regions was carried out by the adventurous whaling and sealing fleets which earned a perilous—and sometimes a lawless—livelihood north of Fifty-three. The rorqual or finner, the humpback, and the California grey whale are the North Pacific whaler's chief quarry, and as the increasing slaughter drove them continually to seek a remoter refuge from their foes the whalers were likewise compelled to venture deeper into the Arctic.

In this connection it is interesting (*Continued on page* 54)

Decoration by J. Nicolson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBERT BAILEY

SHE was knitting with quick deft fingers while he tried to unravel a thick tangle of wool

Strictly Neutral

Love Will Find a Way in any Circumstances

By Stanley Jackson

THE sun lay flat and clean on the snow, with a few stray wisps of fleecy cloud to complete the picture-postcard effect. Gore flexed a long leg, stabbed the poles in and flipped his skis into an easy turn. It was ridiculously simple now, but it wasn't so long since Elise had shrilled laughter every time he fell on his nose and sat up with skis crossed.

He rocked forward confidently and then sliced out into a screaming dive. The snow crunched, crisp and sweet, under his ski tips, but he felt none of that first beginner's joy as the wind tore into his face and his body seemed to be one with skis, snow and the steep hill. He straightened out and slued into a dive at a speed that would have dismayed Elise. He wasn't good enough yet for that kind of run, and he knew it. . . . But, what the hell! This was Switzerland in the heart of the winter sports country, and there were young people back home shivering in the blackout who would have envied him. Or, would they?

He stabbed viciously at his poles and the ground leapt under his tips sending up silvery little spurts of snow. No, it was winter sports without the fun. No gay youngsters in sweaters that dared the rainbow; no laughing sun-tanned faced; no temporary cripples ruefully watching the races through binoculars on the sun terrace; no gallant ski instructors to give the girls heart tremors; and none of that gabble of languages of a Europe at peace and eager for sport.

Sardermatt, once so popular with cosmopolitan society, lay back in its valley

and waited for peace and tourists. The windows of the chalets were boarded up. Ancient housekeepers sat on the verandas outside the big luxury hotels. Only the Hotel Royal was open, and that in possession of a few officials. Elise did the housekeeping, sewed buttons on uniforms and typed Colonel Mussert's correspondence. For her there had been no other choice when the hotel had been taken over by the military. She could stay in her old job or go back to Vichy France.

Gore planted his poles, ripped off the skis and strode into the hotel. He was suddenly very tired, and the smell of warm cooking tickled his nose pleasantly. Elise was drinking a glass of wine with Lieutenant Foerster, who always made Gore think that he had stepped out of the chorus of a Lehar operetta with his clipped waist, waxed moustache and toy-soldier stiffness of bearing.

"'Allo," called Elise in her clear voice. "You will be late for ze dinnaire, monsieur." To-night, somehow, he didn't smile at her funny English. Instead, he returned Foerster's stiff bow with a curt nod and ran up to his room, two steps at a time.

"The Englishman has a temperament to-night," said Foerster, twirling his black moustache. He had often tried to draw out the airman, but Gore had remained tight-lipped and distant. With his French-Swiss logic the lieutenant imagined that Gore was a little jealous of his friendship with Mlle Elise, and that wasn't surprising, perhaps. She was the only woman under fifty in Sardermatt; besides, with that neat figure, those steady grey eyes with their long lashes and her masses of soft brown hair, she would have been desirable even in "the season." And he was going to marry her.

He bent over her sun-browned hand and touched it lightly with his lips.

"The war will not last much longer, my dear Elise," he murmured.

She was looking out of the window at the snow now turning salmon pink in the waning sunlight.

"It must be *triste* for an aviator to hear his countrymen flying overhead at night and not be with them," she said thoughtfully.

Foerster shrugged with a smile. "He is lucky, *chérie*. Not all his comrades have the fortune to be interned in a friendly neutral country." He spread his soft and rather feminine hands. "Here he has his ski-ing, excellent food, and one treats him as an honoured guest." He pushed forward his empty glass with a slight frown. "Let us have another drink before dinner and forget these sentimental notions."

"Yes," she said absently, and refilled the glasses.

IN his room Flying Officer James Gore pulled off his ski boots and trousers and laid out his R.A.F. uniform. They expected him to change into uniform for dinner, although he would have much preferred to let the old togs rust in a suitcase until *après la guerre*. A tunic and a pair of bags in familiar blue could give a man some nasty knocks.

In pure logic, Foerster was right, of course, and Gore had often reasoned the same way to himself. He was sitting pretty in a charming Swiss village, ski-ing with a nice French girl, eating decent chow and with a pleasant game of bridge, now and then, with the officers. Technically, you could call them his jailers, but in fact that was ludicrous. Look at old Colonel Mussert, for instance, with his chubby red cheeks and ginger moustache. He might have passed for an Indian Army sahib but for his shocking English.

"It eez not plaisant for me, monsieur," he had protested, shaking his big head. "But it eez zis diplomacy. If you will but give me your parole not to try an escape you are free. Yes, plees?" He had looked so much like an anxious schoolboy that Gore had laughingly promised on the spot. "Good! You have made me happy. Now, we will drink to the Allies, *n'est ce pas?*" And they had had a drink to clinch the bargain. It all seemed so long ago. . . .

Gore got into his bath and sponged himself vigorously, but his mind kept straying back to a bright September morning. Damned hard to realize that it was only a few months since he had beefed into the mess with "Tubby" Fisher and Hill, his navigator, and flipped coins in the old style.

"Odd man pays." Hill had had to spring it for three pints of wallop; he always seemed to lose, somehow. Funny, how things had worked out.

Life has such a strange way of arranging the stage props. Things go on quietly and smoothly for months and then, suddenly, it all happens at once like a film plot in scenario. A

"YOU *should get away from* busy architect's office in a Bloomsbury square, then pitch-forked into a major war in Air Force uniform with nothing to dream about but kites and maths and other schoolboy stuff. The magic day with wings sprouting on your tunic for the first time. . . . A year on bombing ops in the pilot's cockpit, and everything just a "piece of cake," with no bother. *are not far from*

here," said Elise seriously. "We the Italian frontier"

All the time, of course, Joan had been along to fool around with on leaves. You couldn't say much about Joan except that you had known her for centuries, she had a wizard figure, curls the colour of butterscotch, a string of wisecracks on the tip of her tongue, and was just as smart as paint. She was a great hit every time she showed up at the station, and Gore always felt like a dog with a couple of tails when the other lads tried to flirt with her. Yes, he and Joan were made for each other like raspberries and cream.

The night before the raid she had seemed to be more gorgeously alive than ever. She wore a white dress with a red belt, and the whole room seemed to throb with her gaiety. They drank a second bottle of wine and a warm glow had filled him.

"Look here, old thing," he burst out, at last. "I admit I'm just plain jealous of you driving those American colonels around."

She teased him with a smile. "All in the line of duty, Jimmy. Besides, they're grand chaps, and I don't stand any nonsense."

For years he had known that "one of these fine days" he would ask her to marry him. Maybe it was the wine or perhaps the funny way she smiled at him across the table. It all seemed to fit.

"I'll let you stay in the job," he said with mock solemnity, "if you'll marry me. I'll get leave——"

She had eyed him with a startled pleasure that peeled off all the smart paint and made her look about sixteen.

"You're a funny kid, Jim. Let's get married next week. Make it Friday, my lucky day. But don't get bumped off, please." There was a catch in her voice. "I couldn't bear it."

NEXT morning he had been briefed with the others for that raid on Turin. It had seemed like another piece of cake. The Eyeties were already talking about an armistice and it was almost like playing skittles, knocking their cities for six. The irony of it, after going right through all those Ruhr raids and a nasty moment or two over Berlin, to catch your packet over North Italy!

He would never forget how he felt as the flak tore a hole out of his wing and the outer airscrew starboard went to hell. A fighter shot out of nowhere and the rear gunner got in a nice burst, but not before a hail of cannon fire had sliced through the middle panel. The wing crumpled and so did Boyce at the radio. He was very dead, with a lot of lead in his skull.

Even when the bomb load had gone, the kite continued to lose height. He grabbed the intercom and called to his navigator.

"Okay, skipper," panted Hill. "With a spot more altitude we might clear that slope. We're not far from the Swiss frontier." His voice trailed off. Not for a few minutes did Gore learn that poor old Hill had had one hand on his charts and the other trying to stem the blood pouring from his left shoulder.

The kite cleared the hill with about fifty feet margin, but icing had started and she was in ten-tenths trouble. Gore drew in his breath sharply as he saw that his speed had slumped to 105, and the plane seemed to move like an omnibus in a London fog. He shot into a mass of dirty cloud at something like nought feet and grabbed the intercom once more.

"Jump, lads," he sang out. "And keep your fingers crossed."

A few seconds later, the brollies flapped open. "Sparks" Wilson slept on at his radio panel. Gore picked himself up shakily and made out a couple of torches flickering to his right, about two hundred yards off. Hill and the rear-gunner had made contact and were searching for the others. Gore flashed them a signal and was soon shaking hands with them. For a minute or two they kept shining their torches, but there was no answering flash.

"All right, boys," he said at last. "Better conserve these flashlights. Batteries don't last forever." It was then that Hill staggered. Gore caught him by the arm and steadied him with a shot from his hip-flask.

"Sorry, skipper," said the navigator with a faint smile. "I caught one in the shoulder." James, the little Welsh rear-gunner, got to work on a rough bandage, but it was plain that Hill had lost a lot of blood and needed rest.

"I think we're in Switzerland or as near as damn it," he kept repeating.

"Well, anyway, we're camping for the night," Gore said firmly. "The others may pull in soon and, besides, we'll know more about how we're fixed after dawn." They shook down in their fleece-lined tunics, but it was still hellish cold and Hill kept tossing in his sleep. Gore lay awake, smoking a cigarette and watching the crisp bright stars. Only a few hours ago he had been dancing with Joan in a West End hotel and talking a lot of bull about a quick wedding. In another couple of hours he would probably be on his way to a Nazi prison camp. He lapsed into a troubled (*Continued on page* 60)

Samsons of the Animal World

By Frank W. Lane

A ground beetle pulling a big load, 128 times heavier than itself
(*John J. Ward*)

AN American scientist was watching an ant carrying a piece of a leaf. He caught the ant and weighed both it and the leaf it was carrying. He found the ant had been carrying a burden ten times its own weight.

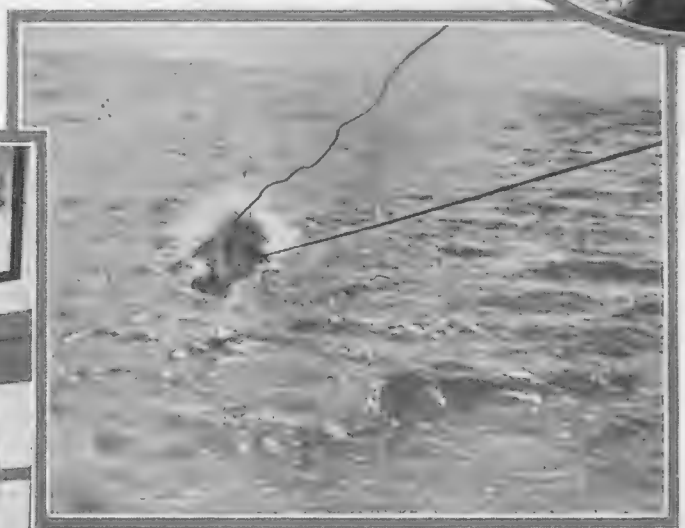
That ant had been carrying this weight at a speed of more than three feet per minute up a steep grade. To appreciate fully the wonder of this feat imagine a man, carrying ten others on his back, running up one of the steeper slopes of Mount Everest!

It is facts like these which warrant the statement that, in proportion to their size, insects are the strongest of all living creatures. I say in proportion advisedly because it would be quite wrong to imagine that if, by some miracle, an ant were enlarged to the size of a man it could perform the feat of running up Everest with ten men on its back. It is the very smallness of insects which, in virtue of certain technical considerations relating to the strength and size of muscle, enable them to perform great feats of strength.

Although in relation to insects the rest of the animal creation is puny (proportionately!) some mammals and fish are capable of putting forth enormous strength.

A man once caught a large alligator. He thrust between its jaws a piece of two-inch steel. The great force with which the animal closed on the metal was sufficient to drive the ninth tooth on each side of its upper jaw right through the bony top of the jaw, and the hollow ends of the teeth protruded above the bone.

Despite an alligator's tremendous strength in closing its jaws, a man can prevent them from opening by holding the snout with one hand



The strongest animals in the sea, and also in the world, are whales. A blue whale, harpooned during a whaling expedition off the coast of Siberia, towed the ship forward for seven hours when the engines of the ship were going full speed astern. The picture above shows a whale with a pair of harpoons in its back

The man who witnessed this feat of saurian strength said he believed if a crowbar were used to open an alligator's mouth the bone of the jaw would be broken before the muscles gave way. Yet, strange as it may sound, a man can hold *closed*, with one hand, the jaws of the largest alligator, if the two closed jaws are caught by the snout. Presumably the reason is that an alligator needs great jaw power for holding its prey, but there is nothing in its methods of life necessitating similar power for forcing the jaws open.

Another immensely strong animal is the bear, although its strength, unlike that of the alligator, lies not in its jaw muscles, but in its paws. Owners of zoos say that a cage that will safely hold a lion cannot contain a bear if it decides to make a break for freedom.

Another immensely strong animal is the bear, although its strength, unlike that of the alligator, lies not in its jaw muscles, but in its paws

The owner of one zoo said: "Bears' claws will tear up floorboards and iron sheeting like paper, and with the enormous strength of their arms they can bend solid one-inch bars like bamboo canes." In its death flurry one bear seized a 500-pound wooden block of wood and hurled it through the roof of a cabin.

Another animal with immense strength in its arms is the gorilla. It is not very tall, but its bulk is tremendous.

Here are a few examples of a gorilla's strength. One of these beasts wanted to fell a tree. So it pushed against it until it fell—and that tree was eighteen feet high and thick as a man's thigh! A woman's pet gorilla (yes, they are sometimes kept as pets!) broke both her arms with a playful sweep of its paw. Gargantua, the famous American gorilla, was once given a rope which was held by fifteen men. Gargantua tugged them all up to his cage with one hand—and he was not full grown at the time.

Of all land animals I suppose the elephant is the strongest in point of absolute—as against relative—strength. An elephant's trunk has some 40,000 muscles and is probably the strongest single organ in nature. With it a full-grown elephant can lift nearly a ton or catapult a bulk (*Continued on page* 68)

Old Tales Re-told

The Arab Amazon Djonder

Written and Illustrated

By

F. Matania, R.I.

Djonder had the uncomfortable business of learning to ride a camel

CONSIDERING their love of poetry, music and nature, it is amazing that the Arabs of ancient times had such cruel and savage customs. Even a superficial glance at the Muallakat, that famous collection of their literature assembled in A.D. 777, makes it difficult to reconcile the delicate lyrics on the subjects of the camel, the gazelle, the antelope, the bow and arrow, the dove, and, above all, to the beloved, with the barbaric laws applied to the slightest sin against chastity. A woman found guilty was unmercifully put to death by her own relatives, for they shared her guilt and lost both social recognition and civil rights.

As usual, the law was much harder on the woman than on the man. In some cases, the guilty man was allowed to get off by paying the so-called "price of blood" in the case of murder; in the case of assault, the "price of virginity."

Another custom, even more cruel, originated in the exaggerated importance given to the birth of a boy. The birth of a female child was considered almost a calamity, and in many cases the dismay of the disappointed family was such that the baby was killed.

This custom of infanticide, if not encouraged, was condoned. For a long time no one gave the slightest thought to the folly of destroying the indispensable future partner without whom there could be no baby boys. This appalling evidence of blind fanaticism and monstrous stupidity in a race which has always been intelligent and far-seeing seems to have no redeeming feature. In China infanticide was rampant on account of the extreme poverty of vast, populous regions. But with the Arabs it was more prevalent among people of high social standing and abundant wealth than among the poorer classes or slaves. For the poor Arab a daughter was an asset who was sure to bring a profit, whether she were married or sold into slavery. In either case a sum of money would be paid to the father.

The wish for a male heir to carry on the glories of the family name is common to the upper classes of every race in the world. But despite the innumerable crimes committed by mankind in the name of superstition, there are also countless instances in which the normal instincts of nature have gained the upper hand. And as a result we have been given shining examples of conflict between mother-love and obedience to custom.

At the time of this story many years had passed since Mohamed had framed a new creed based on more humane principles; but the process of eradicating ancient habit from the Oriental mind was an extremely slow one, especially amongst those tribes who were famous for their warlike prowess.

The chieftain of one of these tribes was celebrating the birth of his heir. Gifts were brought by all the most distinguished members of the tribe, and

the festivities were going joyously forward with all kinds of merrymaking. The name of Khaled was chosen for the new-born boy.

At the same time a similar event was awaited by the family of Zahir, the chieftain's brother. According to the usual practice, the expectant mother had already been confined to an isolated pavilion whence she would not emerge till seven or eight weeks after the happy event. A feud between the two brothers kept the families apart, though up to now it had not culminated in violence.

As the hour of birth drew near, great preparations were made, for the general hope that the child would be a boy was strengthened by the predictions of soothsayers, who were handsomely rewarded for their assertions.

It happened, however, that Allah ignored their prayers and the beautiful child that came into the world was a *girl*. The anxiety of the mother was terrible, for she well knew all the preparations Zahir had made for a son, and to disappoint him now—especially after his hated brother had just acquired an heir—would almost certainly have the result of ending her baby's life. She could not look for help to her narrow-minded relations, to whom family tradition and pride were more important than any sentimental consideration.

Alone with her nurse and a few faithful attendants, she hugged the baby to her breast and boldly decided to defy the fate that threatened it. She sent a messenger from the pavilion to tell Zahir and the rest of the family that *a son had been born.*

The secret was known only to a handful of women; and as every woman has the instinct of a mother, it was safe with them.

Zahir was wild with joy and gave his son the name of Djonder, and the feasts accorded to the birth of a boy were prolonged for several days.

It was fortunate that the normal habits of the Arabs favoured the deception. Children, especially those of the upper classes, remained in the care of their mother and her maids almost up to the age of puberty, when the boys began their education in the use of arms and manly exercises.

Djonder, an only child, grew strong and healthy. Dressed as a boy, spoken to as a boy, and encouraged by her mother in boyish activities, she displayed from an early age exceptional intelligence. It is possible that up to a certain point she believed herself to be a boy; but the time came when she began to ask embarrassing questions, and her mother decided to take her fully into her confidence. She told her the whole story of the deception, and pointed out that for a long time yet her life could only be saved by continuing the masquerade. One day perhaps it might be possible for the girl to free herself from it, and assume the habit of her real sex. But for the present she must take even greater precautions to conceal it, as she was shortly to be entrusted to the care of her father.

Whether by luck or the circumstances of her environment, the girl had developed a virile and adventurous nature, and the idea of outwitting those who should rightly have been her executioners appealed to her strongly. She entered into the plan with whole-hearted enthusiasm. In the tents of her father, she listened with becoming attention to the endless tales he recited of the feats of her ancestors on the battlefield and the responsibilities she herself, as his heir, would one day assume.

What pleased her most were the physical exercises, instruction in the use of bow and arrow, which soon became familiar with practice, lessons in swordsmanship, so tiring and difficult at first, and later so thrilling when proficiency was attained. More fascinating still were the lessons in horsemanship, with all that they implied of communication between rider and mount, characteristic of Arab mastery of the art. In addition, there was the uncomfortable business of learning to ride a camel.

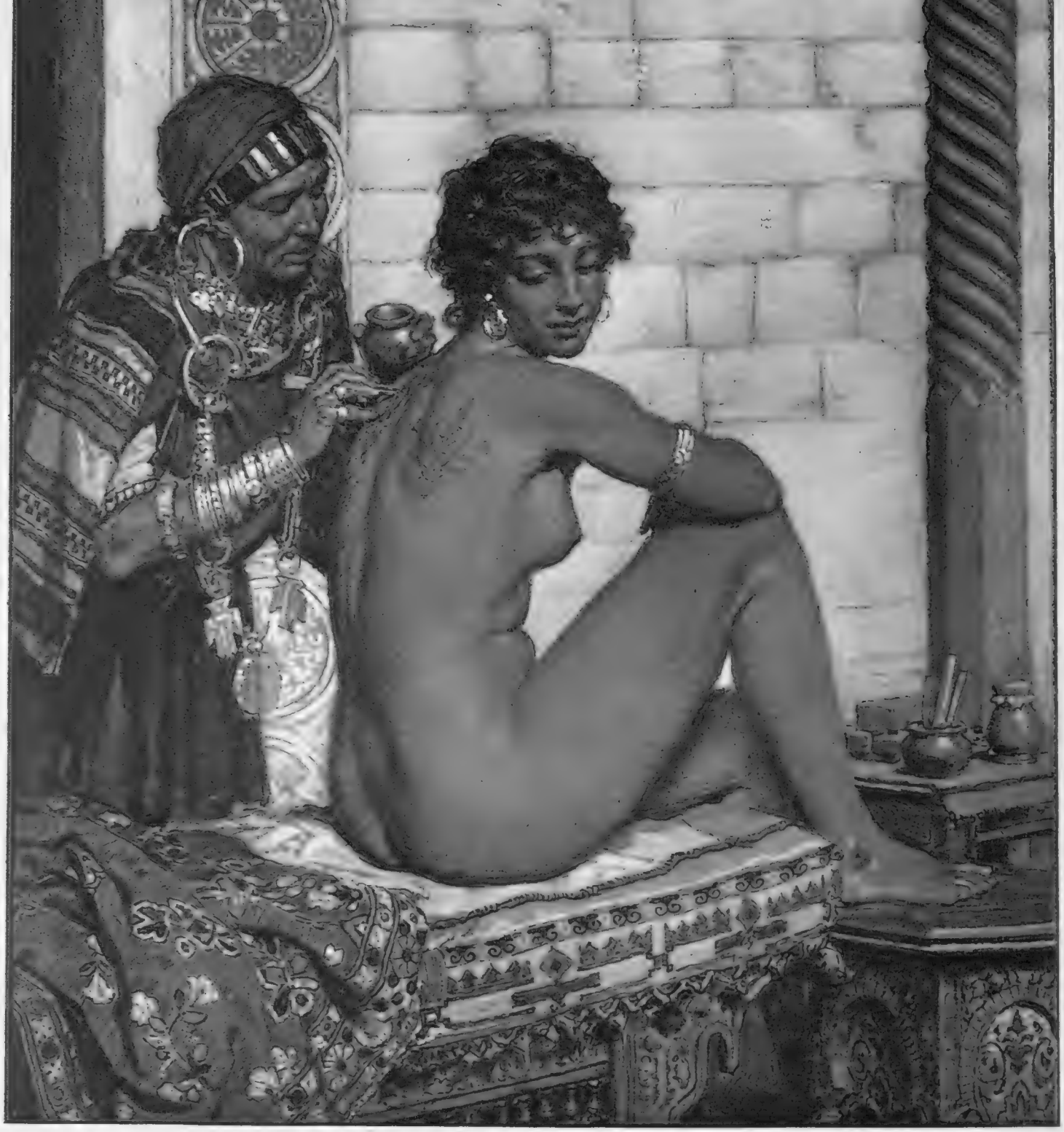
Djonder had ample opportunity to appreciate the advantages of living a man's life as opposed to a woman's, with

Zahir discovered the friendship between Djonder and Khaled, and sternly forbade her to see anything more of her unwelcome friend

its monotonous restriction and unhealthy luxury. Her agile and muscular body fitted her well for the masquerade, and she was more than content to allow it to continue indefinitely. She had only one regret. This was that she could not be tattooed in the way women were. She had always envied them those delicate designs that enhanced their beauty in their lovers' eyes. Men also were tattooed, of course, but by virtue of her secret she could not submit her naked skin to the needles of the experts. Thus she had to forgo what would have given her much joy and was practically her only feminine vanity.

When Khaled regained control of his mount and returned to the fray, he received the shock of his life, for Djonder's beautiful face was smiling at him

IN a few years she had acquired such mastery in the handling of weapons and horses that she could challenge any competition, even by acknowledged champions. The day came when she rode beside her proud father at the head of his warriors on a hazardous expedition. When they came face to face with the enemy, the first horse to spring forward into combat was that of Djonder. Amid clouds of sand the young warrior galloped across an intervening space thick with arrows and reached the enemy line. Her sword flashed with incredible rapidity. By the time Zahir and his men caught up with Djonder many foes were already on the ground beneath their kicking horses, while a clear space all round the young champion told eloquently of the fear his presence had aroused. The chieftain and his men completed the work so gloriously begun; the enemy was routed and, fortune favouring the brave, Djonder came out of the affray without a scratch.



After the secret of Djonder's real identity was revealed, one of the first things she did was to have her body tattooed, and she went through the painful operation with the utmost delight

This and other skirmishes in which she took part made the name of Djonder so famous that people came from far and wide merely to gaze upon this prodigy of valour.

One day she received a visit from quite an unexpected quarter. It was Khaled, her cousin, who had heard of her exploits and, despite his father's express prohibition, had come to offer his congratulation and homage. Khaled was expecting to see a fierce, scowling countenance typical of a mighty warrior; and instead he was confronted by a face that smiled most sweetly at him and resembled in its perfection that of a Greek statue of Hermes or Apollo, of which there were many scattered over Asia—a face more like a woman's than a man's. These two had no grudge against each other. Indeed, they hardly knew the reason for their fathers' enmity. They did not see why they should not be friends. Djonder was no less struck by the noble appearance of Khaled, who was tall, handsome and magnificently built. In spite of her constant proximity to men, she experienced in Khaled's presence a curious sensation of shyness and wonder. She did not realise that for the first time in her life she was seeing a man through the eyes of a woman.

The meetings between them were repeated often, though clandestinely, and they served to strengthen the bond of friendship. Djonder was many times on the point of confessing her secret, and there is no doubt that she would presently have done so had not Zahir discovered what was going on and sternly forbade her to see anything more of her unwelcome friend. In losing Khaled, Djonder had the feeling of giving up someone who was much more to her than merely a friend.

ZAHIR at this time became involved in wars which further antagonised him from his brother's family. But neither time nor distance could obliterate the memory of Khaled from Djonder's heart. Neither knew what was happening to the other; and the day came when fate played one of its strange tricks.

A skirmish occurred, when Zahir's warriors challenged any champion of the opposing side to single combat. The challenge was accepted, and a mounted man was seen approaching from the enemy's lines into the open space between the two rival forces.

Djonder had volunteered to champion her own side, and now she rode fully armed to meet her adversary. As soon as she was near him, she recognised him for Khaled, whose helmet had no nose guard or mail *(Continued on page 58)*

1. A row of Cotswold cottages.
2. Hampshire cottages. Half timbered, filled in with brick
3. Tudor cottages at Lindfield, Sussex.
4. Cob cottages in Devonshire.
5. A typical example of the "magpie" house.

The Cottage Homes of England

By Gwyneth Pennethorne

THERE are few English cottages remaining which were built before the reign of Henry VIII, for the earlier peasant huts—chiefly mud and wattle—were too frail to last.

The earliest remains we have of ancient buildings, those of the Neolithic Age, show that our ancestors lived in circular huts, much like those built by the charcoal burners to-day. On the South Downs excavations have brought to light the holes into which the hut poles were sunk.

To the early builders there was always the problem of how to build a wall which would support a roof without being pushed outwards by the weight. Hence for many years roofs reached to the ground, with great discomfort for the inhabitants from lack of head room. The famous Tea Pot Hall is an example of this type of building.

The Saxons built single-story houses, with sometimes an attic, made by partially ceiling in the lower room, and reached by a ladder. The Normans improved on this plan by making a regular upper story over the whole ground floor. This upper story was reached by an outside staircase.

Though the Romans had used bricks, after they left brick building was not seen again in England until the fourteenth century. At that time bricks were brought over from the Continent as ballast for ships fetching English wool. The bricks were consequently cheap, and a considerable amount of building was done in brick in East Anglia, where they were landed.

Tudor yeomen built their houses with the two ends made of bent pieces of timber, which met overhead in the form of an arch. This gave considerably more headroom than the "teapot" form. The wealthier classes had two- or three-storied houses, each story projecting beyond the one below, so that the rooms became progressively larger. The reason for these projections, or "jetties," was that Tudor builders laid their joists flat, instead of on edge, as is the practice now. This (*Continued on page* 64)

The Dawn Is Red

E-59 — called *Restless* — under the command of Stephen Roxburgh, strained forward under the full power of her ebbing strength. But with the port engine burned out, her remaining moving propeller could not thresh the craft free of the giant steel net that held her down.

Fifty men, unshaven, tight-lipped, wondering, sat helplessly inside the steel shell, their nerves taut to the incisive bursts of explosives above, and beside, and even beneath them.

"Flood all tanks. We're staying down!" Commander Roxburgh gave the order in a bored, detached kind of way.

The men moved silently to their stations without so much as a questioning look in the direction of Stephen Roxburgh. They knew—as the commander knew—that it was his last, desperate throw of the dice; and yet, in their eyes there was nothing of query, of doubting; only an eternal, a magnificent English hope.

Aft of the control room, Lieutenant "Sunny" Summers and four others worked untiringly upon the damaged hull, legacy of a depth charge that had run true down twenty fathoms of twisted, entangled steel netting. The five men wore face-masks to counter the deadly chlorine gas that was generated as the salt water seeped through the hull, contacting the storage batteries.

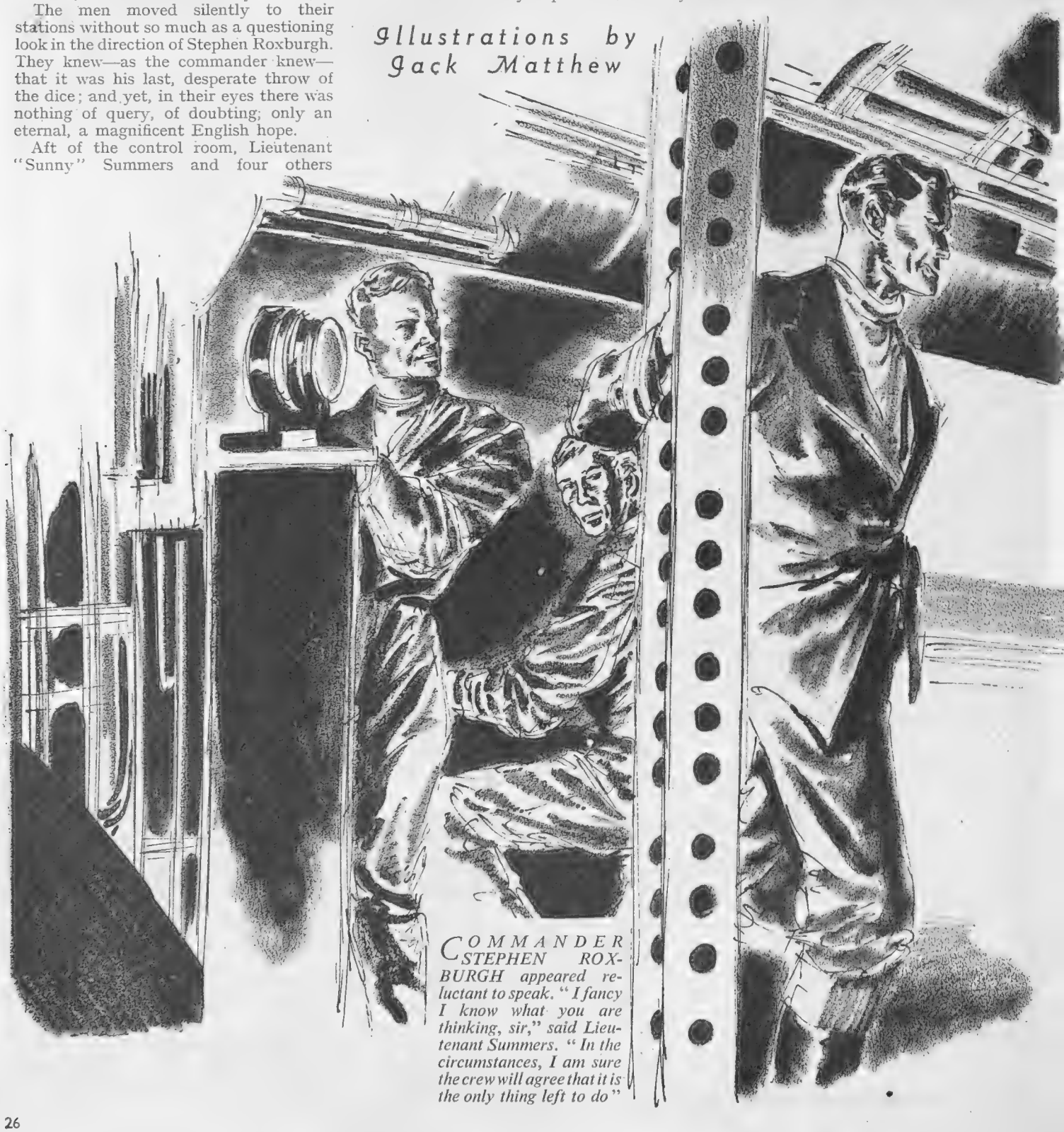
At thirty fathoms there was still no escape from the steel tentacles that had fastened themselves round the shapely body of the *Restless*, as though to crush the vitals out of her—and still hope shone through the begrimed, bearded faces of her crew.

The men at the hydroplanes sat stolidly on their uncomfortable stools before the large wheels that operated the horizontal rudders. Nor had they moved from the moment that E-59 had fouled the harbour net. Now, they began to shuffle uncertainly as, despite their efforts to keep her on an even keel, *Restless* began to ease down slowly by the bow, crushed down by the fierce mesh of steel that hung steadfastly on. A false buoyancy held her steady at thirty fathoms.

"Stay there," ordered the commander. "Tell Mr. Summers to steady her at 200 feet and blow the for'ard tanks."

"Sunny" Summers signalled his four men out of the befouled for'ard com-

Illustrations by Jack Matthew



COMMANDER STEPHEN ROXBURGH appeared reluctant to speak. "I fancy I know what you are thinking, sir," said Lieutenant Summers. "In the circumstances, I am sure the crew will agree that it is the only thing left to do"

The Story of the Last Action of a Submarine and its Crew

By William Lynch

partment and reluctantly clamped the watertight bulkhead.

"There go our sleeping quarters, sir," he said as he entered the control room.

"Chlorine, Mr. Summers?"

"For'ard stinks with it, sir." Then, hesitantly: "I have an idea, sir, that we are below the net. Harbour nets don't usually run to 200 feet."

Stephen Roxburgh eloquently jerked his thumb upward.

"Listen to that, Mr. Summers."

Above their heads, Death scratched with steel fingers against the submarine's plates, and the clangor of freed chains shook down its hollow thunder through the double shell. It was as though a great spectral sea-shape had come down, with gigantic metal fists, to hammer out a macabre elegy upon the men who sat hopefully inside.

"The point is, sir," the lieutenant was saying, and his voice rang thinly through the control room after the heavy threat without. "I think that one of their depth charges—probably the one that holed us for'ard—has broken part of the netting away. And we are carrying it with us."

Stephen Roxburgh stroked his vandyke beard pensively.

"I wonder——"

The trim of the craft was adjusted with extreme delicacy to allow for the dead weight of steel mesh that weighed down upon her bows; and she proceeded at half-speed ahead.

But the lieutenant had been correct, after all, and, at six bells, when the mists came down low over the sleepy French coastal village, E-59 crept into the enemy harbour at 200 feet, and lay there, weary and hurt. And dangerous.

The men neither moved nor spoke, unless it was unavoidable, for air is a precious commodity to the men who live beneath the sea, and every word, and every physical movement, whether it be of such simple design as the stroking of one's face, is a luxury not to be lightly indulged. So they sat quite still and the words that they might have uttered—of rising hope mingled with an unmentionable thanksgiving—burned out from each tired pair of eyes.

Commander Stephen Roxburgh had his eyes glued to the rubber eyepiece of the periscope, testing its mechanism. The lieutenant read his mind accurately.

"You will be going up to take a peep, sir?" he suggested. Roxburgh nodded.

"Before the mists rise," he said.

"There are always mists over France at six bells."

Free, at last, of the steel encumbrance, E-59 blew all tanks and began to rise, ever so slowly.

"Raise periscope six feet."

The crew sat or stood like graven images watching the commander as he twisted the wheel of the periscope this way and that, and changed his position a dozen or more times.

"Take her up a bit more, Mr. Summers," he presently threw back over his shoulder, and once again E-59 began slowly to ascend.

"Down periscope! Flood the main tanks and dive to fifty feet."

At fifty feet E-59 lay still once more. Expectancy shone through the grime on the men's faces.

"You saw something, sir?" It was the young lieutenant who broke the long silence.

"Yes."

Stephen Roxburgh sat down a trifle wearily and there was something in his face, something of confusion and befuddlement, that the lieutenant had never seen before.

"I saw the battleship *Nuremberg*," the commander said, slowly. "She's still there. I also saw that we're not going to get out of the harbour. They're racing about up there like flies in a bottle. And, lieutenant, I saw something else——"

"Sir?"

"We've fouled a mine on our for'ard starboard hydroplane, and we're dragging it along with us."

Lieutenant Summers contemplated this. Then :—

"Exquisite company, sir! Do you think we should—er—tell the crew?"

"Of course, Mr. Summers."

Stephen Roxburgh sat deep in thought as Lieutenant Summers called into the intercommunication tube the news that E-59 carried an engine of death on her bows, an engine whose delicate horns, once properly contacted, would blow the craft and all her crew to kingdom come in the space of half a second.

And the Englishmen—every man of them—smiled. A queer smile, that began at the corners of their lips and passed lightly, like a zephyr, across their stern faces. It was the merest spectre of a smile and it spread, from one face to the other, until every face wore it proudly and carried it easily.

Stephen Roxburgh looked up tiredly.

"What did they say, Mr. Summers?"

The lieutenant touched his superior lightly upon the shoulder.

"They smiled, sir."

The commander sat silent awhile and then came to his feet.

"Check all damage to the craft, Mr. Summers, and report back as soon as you can."

The damage was great. As, rocketing back and forth to get clear of the harbour net, E-59 had strained and lurched, one of her hydroplanes had been smashed off. The conning tower scuttles were broken. All forward plates were weakened and leaked badly. One motor was out of commission and one of the driving shafts cracked. Wireless was out of order and unrepairable. The concussion of upwards of four-score of depth charges had broken most light bulbs and delicate precision mechanism.

The gyro compass had been rendered useless and the magnetic compasses smashed by the charge that had hit the conning tower. Now, the depth gauges started playing up and soon refused to register. The power in the batteries was almost exhausted and the atmosphere within E-59 was rank and foul. The crew laboured with their breathing. Each man fought to keep desperation from showing in his eyes. And each succeeded.

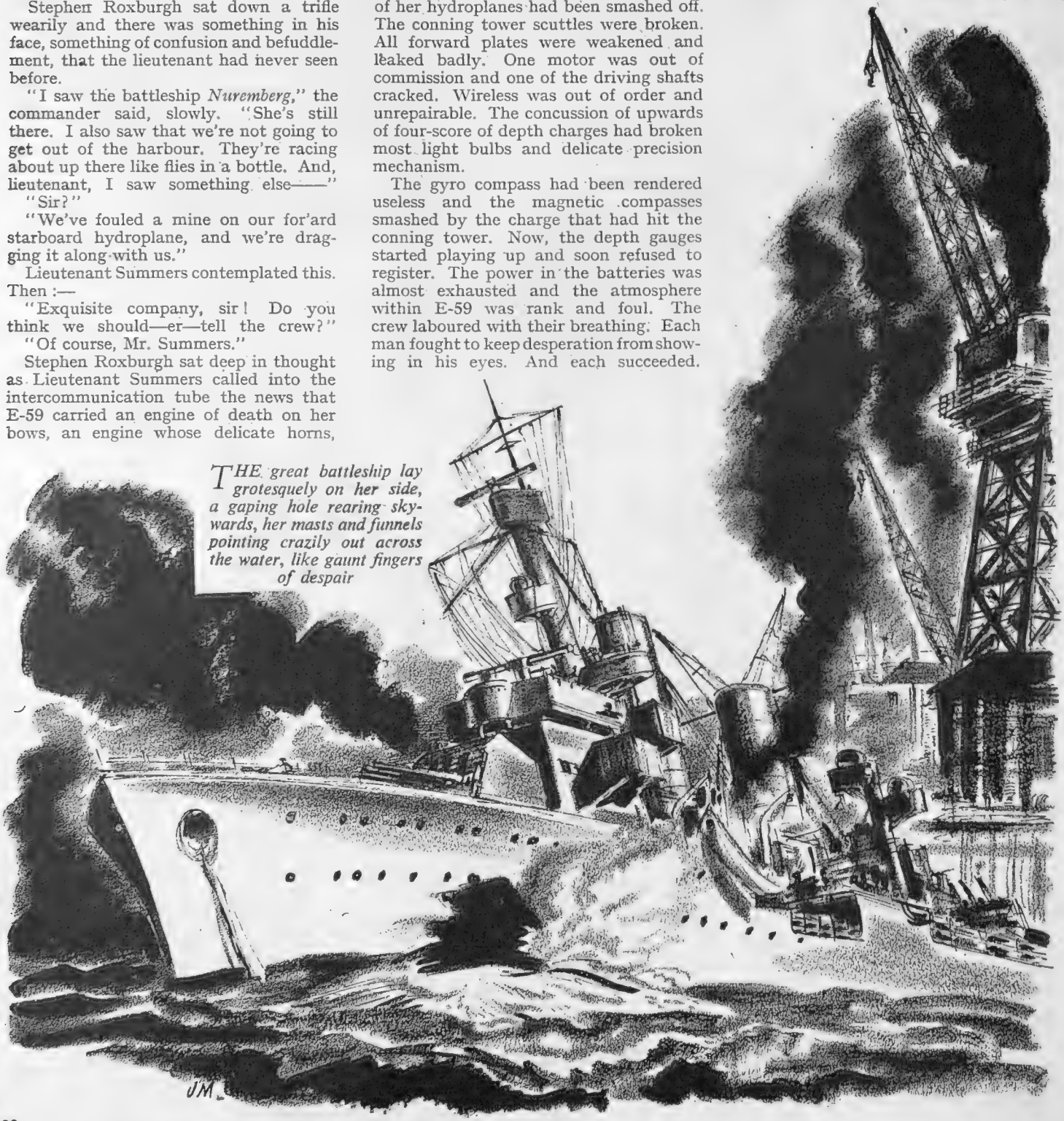
Lieutenant Summers made his report anxiously. Commander Stephen Roxburgh considered it at length. He appeared reluctant to speak.

"I fancy I know what you are thinking, sir. In the circumstances, I am sure the crew will agree that it is the only thing left to do."

"The point is, Mr. Summers, we have a submarine that cannot possibly get out of the harbour, even if her machinery was intact. We have a perfectly good mine hanging to our bows. And we have an enemy battleship lying barely 200 yards to port."

"I'll put it to the men, sir."

They nodded and kept their heads lowered, most of them. Some rose and began fiddling with personal belongings, stacking them neatly away in diminutive compartments. The coxswain was making a show of oiling the useless hydroplane gear. Maxwell, the gun-layer, was hastily completing his (*Continued on page 60*)



THE great battleship lay grotesquely on her side, a gaping hole rearing skywards, her masts and funnels pointing crazily out across the water, like gaunt fingers of despair

1

2

1. *Kilham, East Yorkshire, was combined with the pretty village of Boynton (2) by Winifred Holtby, to form a composite village which she named "Middlethorp"*
3. *The Wakeman's House, Ripon. This market town appears in one of Miss Florence Bone's novels as "Wapon" and in another as "Rilham"*
4. *The ruined castle at Middleham, the Wensleydale market town which Miss Cecilia Willoughby calls "Middlemiss" in her novel "Mellory's Yard"*
5. *Byland Abbey is "Fairwood Abbey" in Miss Rutherford Crockett's novel "A Gay Lover."* 6. *Walmgate Bar, York. This city is called "Norminster" in the same novel*

3

The Yorkshire Dales—

and the English Women Novelists

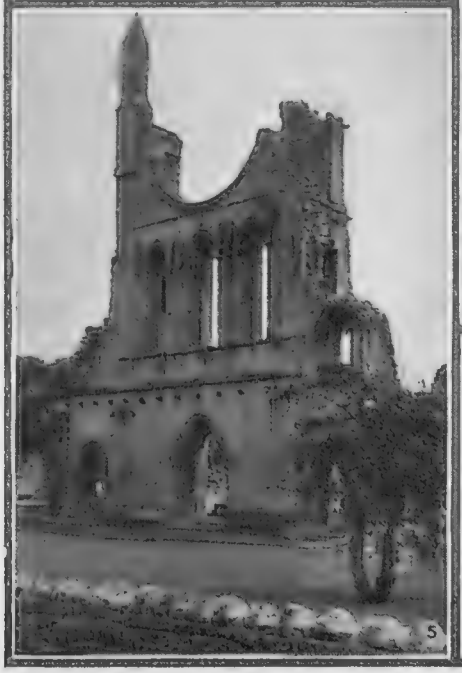
Written and Photographed by ARTHUR GAUNT

ONE lasting result of the wartime evacuation of townsfolk to the Yorkshire dales may be a wider appreciation of the works of Yorkshire's women novelists, and particularly of those novels which have the dales as their setting. Up to the present century, the county of broad acres produced no outstanding women writers, except the Brontë sisters. Apart from the Haworth geniuses, Yorkshire gave the literary world no feminine writers to compare with Jane Austen, Aphra Behn, or Mrs. Radcliffe. The county, indeed, had very few authoresses at all.

The deficiency has been strikingly rectified during the last twenty years. To-day, there are several Yorkshirewomen who have progressed a long way up the literary ladder. Storm Jameson, Phyllis Bentley, and Florence Bone are three Yorkshire novelists whose works rank as best-sellers. The late Winifred Holtby achieved similar status with her books. Lesser-known names on the list include Rutherford Crockett and Cecilia Willoughby.

4

6

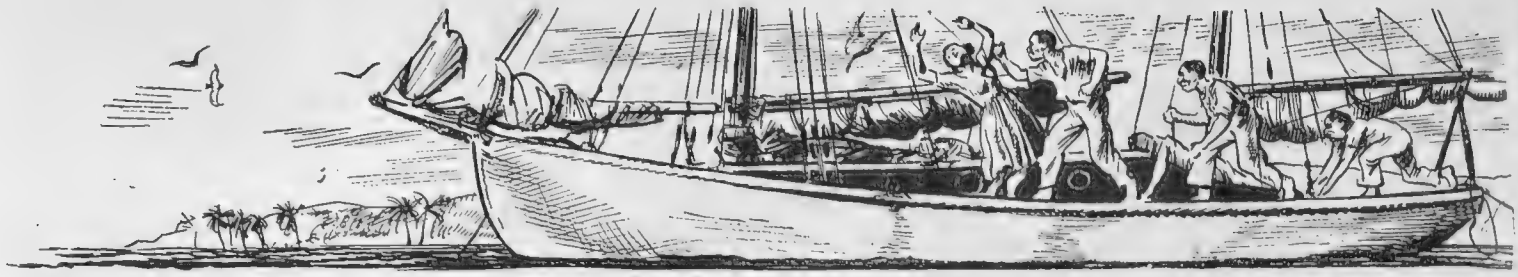


5

It is not surprising, with such a goodly company of Yorkshire women writers to champion them, that the Yorkshire dales now figure largely in best-selling novels by women. Yorkshire has several other notable authoresses to-day, but the group already mentioned provide a wide range of romantic literature about the county's rural scenes and activities. An acquaintanceship with this literature may well recommend itself to the many newcomers whom the war has brought to the dales.

Wensleydale may perhaps be regarded as the particular domain of Florence Bone, though her settings are by no means confined entirely to that dale. "Cobblesett" and "Red May" probably her best-known books, cover the Wensleydale area, "Cobblesett" itself being Burtasett, near Hawes. "Red May" centres round the equally delightful Aysgarth district.

Both "The Lavender Hedge" and "The House That Helen Built" centre round the old-fashioned country town of Ripon, one of the gateways to the Yorkshire dales, though the first-named novel is set in an earlier century than the second. (*Continued on page* 58)



Fog Wrack

The Story of a Man's Retribution

By Alan Hyder

IN the islands the Evil Eye was reputed to have looked on Professor Pichler and even when first we saw him he was not as other men. Very tall and thin, he stooped and carried his head thrust forward so that he appeared to see things visible only to him. His eyes were blue and very bright but secretive, and when he smiled the left corner of his mouth curled up slightly as in ill-concealed gloating over some private triumph. In his late thirties, he looked older. He was never a companionable man and his antecedents were obscure.

An ichthyologist, he ran an old pearling lugger fitted up with tanks about the Pacific on expeditions to procure exotic fish for a Californian marine research society. The natives had a name for him that meant "Fish Man." They said he was brother to a great Moray eel which, incredibly, he was supposed to have trained to take food from his hand. Certainly we thought Pichler had no other interest in life except fish.

Until, in his wanderings, he struck a pearl bed that promised to make his fortune. He stayed only long enough to take out sufficient for the moment and hurried off to Los Angeles. In a couple of years he was back with the left side of his mouth curling derisively, listening to stories of the attempts that had been made to locate "Pichler's Bed." It had not been discovered.

But for the moment he was engrossed in the wife and baby daughter he had brought back with him. Until the exigencies of married life forced him to visit the pearl bed again. With his new family and crew of two he went off into the blue in his lugger.

And that was the last we heard of him for something over twelve months. Though we expected news sooner. A Japanese schooner skippered by one Kono had sailed the previous day, quite innocently. And Kono's nose for pearls was as keen as his unethical methods of obtaining possession of them.

Pichler reappeared in Hsing Liao's saloon on Saipan. He came in during the afternoon and sat in the shadow of a jalousied window speaking to no one. He passed unrecognized. He might have been a stranger. He had aged twenty years. His hair was white. He had nothing on his bones but misery. It was only because Skyson, garrulous with drink, gravitated to his table and began a one-sided conversation that we discovered him for Pichler. He would give no details of himself, would not, I think, even admit to being Pichler. He drank whisky copiously, without the slightest effect—and he had been teetotal! He was morose, tremulous as if with fever, every now and then fingering a great scar that was freshly livid on his forehead. He had been seared in a terrible tragedy that, weirdly, at the same time appeared to afford him a measure of satisfaction.

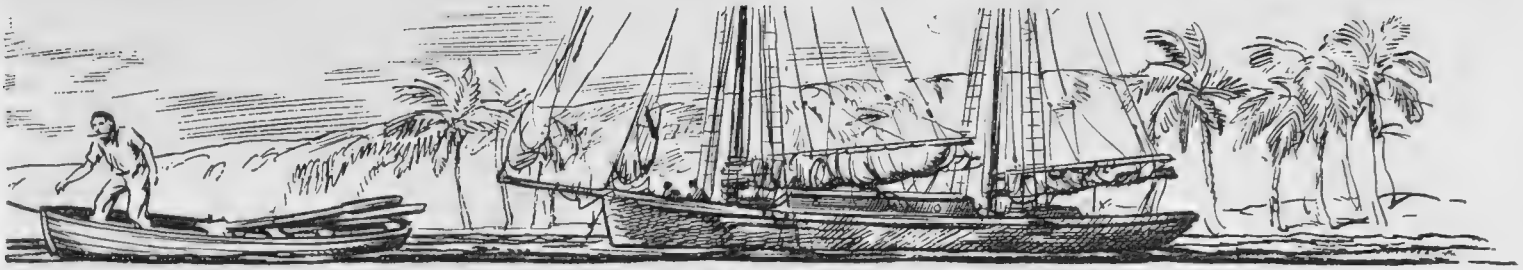
In time his story leaked out. But it was all vague; whispered, suggested, hinted at with awe.

Evidently Pichler had been trailed to his pearl bed by Kono. The rest is surmise. The pearls stolen; the bed ravaged; Pichler severely wounded and left for dead; his wife and baby murdered; his two Kanaka boys slain. That seems fairly reliable. It is certain that Pichler was found upon an isolated atoll by natives in an outrigger canoe and taken off to Tiaroa where he lay neither dead nor alive for three months. Then he went off furtively, vanished.

MONTHS later Caroline Islands boys saw Kono's schooner rolling derelict, and boarded her. What else they saw never properly transpired. But there were pearls in Kono's cabin and later, when they were surreptitiously disposed of, a boy drank too much. In his cups he alluded indirectly to nauseating abominations. Kono and his Japanese crew had been horribly dead; posed around the dead ship like gruesome waxwork effigies.

And there was Pichler sitting over his whisky. With the corner of his lips curled up sardonically as if he hugged a secret gratification.

He went native; beach-combed; was debased by odd coins thrown to him that he spent upon whisky. And because the Marianas were Japanese owned and Pichler developed a phobia for members of that race that was uncontrollable when he was



THE Marianas were Japanese owned and Pichler had developed a phobia for members of that race that was uncontrollable when he was drunk, so we tried to get him away drunk, we tried to get him away. But he was a sick man. And obstinate. Where had he to go? And what for?

Then Captain Gibbons, who had known Professor Pichler in California, turned up on Saipan. His ship was a United States coast guard survey steamer. Gibbons persuaded Pichler he had a job for him.

Six hundred miles to the north-east of the Marianas, close to the tropic of Cancer, but far enough north to catch the tail end of the fog belt that drifts down from the Aleutians, two volcanic islands break the curving blue expanse of the Pacific. A few modern charts indicate their presence, but bracket them dubiously "existence doubtful." Gibbons had verified them, taken them under the Stars and Stripes, placed a light and rigged up a fog-bell apparatus, and left an old coast guardsman and a Filipino boy. He had since doubted the result that months of isolation would achieve on the character of the coast guardsman and jumped at the prospect of replacing him by Pichler. Pichler, surely, would be ideal for the job; in a fisherman's paradise. The upshot of all this was that, before the Jap authorities had finished investigating the Kono rumours, Pichler was spirited away and took up residence upon Cow and Calf Islands as Gibbons had oddly named them.

Cow Island, under a mile in diameter, is the peak of a long defunct volcano that dwarfed a range before the Flood. Now it protrudes tinily from out the illimitable Pacific. Alongside, separated by a narrow, precipitous channel, Calf Island is merely a great rock. On it the fog-bell apparatus had been set up. It was worked by a wooden "spade" set in the channel; and the water surged through there with a force that would have worn out the apparatus in a month had it been left working continuously.

Gibbons left a great tank for Pichler's fish and promised to put him in touch again with the marine research society. Then, thinking he had done him a good turn by rehabilitating him and completely unaware that Pichler was a dying man, Gibbons sailed content that he need no longer worry about the old coast guardsman. Pichler settled down to a hermit's life of brooding and gloating, grateful that the Filipino boy's conversational range was limited. Fish began to interest him once more. His tragedy receded slightly into the background.

WEEKS went by and the storm that loomed heavily over the Pacific burst with the wakening catastrophe of Pearl Harbour. But the radio battery was exhausted. The first Pichler knew about the United States being at war with Japan was when a destroyer crept up to the islands and a spectacled, toothy Jap naval lieutenant landed a petty officer and four ratings.

Pichler, whose abrupt abstinence had left him weak and susceptible to fever, rose from his bed and clambered shakily down to meet them; his eyes glazed to conceal hatred of their race.

Stiffly at attention the lieutenant began a rigmarole in Japanese about taking possession and when Pichler interrupted curtly to know what it was all about, he snapped an order to the petty officer.

Pichler received a vicious blow in the face. He stumbled on the steep rock, fell backwards from the grinning P.O. Two of the Jap sailors jumped for him. One secured a ju-jitsu grip and the other kept jabbing forcefully down with a rifle butt.

Pichler came to lying on the shore with his feet dangling. Dazedly, he thought he had wakened again on that atoll of bitter memories. He gained his feet and stealthily crept up the rough-hewn steps to the hut by the pyloned light that now was doused. The window had been blacked out. Peering through a crack he saw four Japs asleep. On a chair by the table the sentry extracted weird sounds from a mouth-organ.

His brain still confused, Pichler hurled himself through the door. A pistol shot ripped through his shoulder. Before he could recover his equilibrium the sailors were out of their blankets. They rushed him. Five Jap naval men against one emaciated, wounded, partly addle-pated white man. What they did to him would have been appreciated by the Marquis de Sade.

A week went by with the pace of the seasons; shot with the scarlet twinges of delirium; eked out tortuously with breath-catching agony. It was a nightmare in which blows and kicks and excrutiating body-racking pain were interposed with aching stretches of forced labour. Pichler carried water in his nightmare; sweated blood under a lash as he dug frenziedly in the garden patch. Nights he writhed sleepless, feverish, the pain in his shoulder unbearable.

And this nightmare grew steadily, remorselessly, without compunction, mercilessly, into reality.

Pichler became alive again, a pain-twisted automaton, spiritless, living-dead. There was nothing in his eyes except blankness, but his stoop had become so pronounced that rarely did his Jap torturers glimpse them. He came and went at gestures. Did this. Did that. Stood waiting commands; the dribble of spittle that was ever on his chin tinged with the carmine of blood.

Faintly he remembered reeling and staggering down the cliff under the weight of the Filipino boy's body. And he was grateful even in his torment that he had not cast it into the channel where the fog bell worked.

With the peculiar grinning laughter that had no humour the Japs vented their barbarous inhumanity upon him, endeavoured to ignite a flame of rebellion for the joy of extinguishing it. But Pichler had sunk low into a daze, was impervious to hurts, let alone to snarled viciousness So that the Japs began to behave towards him as one not quite of this world yet near enough to hear commands. They treated him with contumely, spat at him, and finally came to ignoring him except when shrilly desiring some errand or labour. For which, mostly, Pichler would have to come running breathlessly from the adjacent Calf Island.

Every spare moment he ambled, looking back over his shoulder, across the bamboo bridge to Calf Island to fish. He supplied the Japs with more than they needed. And caught yet more that he used on some mysterious rites. But always they knew his whereabouts for every now and then the fog bell would ring out as though he tested the apparatus.

WITH the approach of the fog season the sea-mist trails drifted down from the Aleutians. Under the petty officer's supervision Pichler greased and overhauled the bell apparatus.

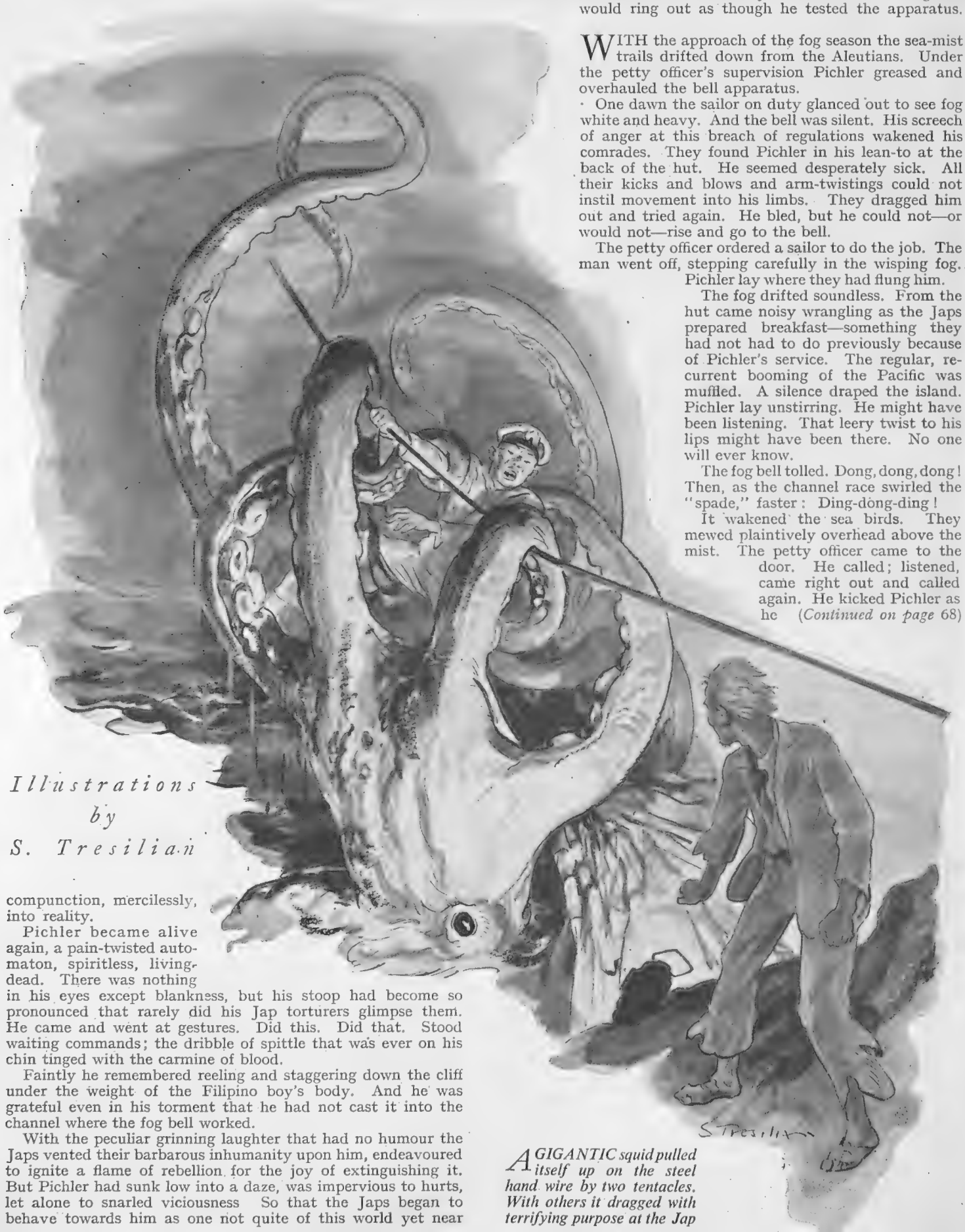
One dawn the sailor on duty glanced out to see fog white and heavy. And the bell was silent. His screech of anger at this breach of regulations wakened his comrades. They found Pichler in his lean-to at the back of the hut. He seemed desperately sick. All their kicks and blows and arm-twistings could not instil movement into his limbs. They dragged him out and tried again. He bled, but he could not—or would not—rise and go to the bell.

The petty officer ordered a sailor to do the job. The man went off, stepping carefully in the wisping fog. Pichler lay where they had flung him.

The fog drifted soundless. From the hut came noisy wrangling as the Japs prepared breakfast—something they had not had to do previously because of Pichler's service. The regular, recurrent booming of the Pacific was muffled. A silence draped the island. Pichler lay unstirring. He might have been listening. That leery twist to his lips might have been there. No one will ever know.

The fog bell tolled. Dong, dong, dong! Then, as the channel race swirled the "spade," faster: Ding-dong-ding!

It wakened the sea birds. They mewed plaintively overhead above the mist. The petty officer came to the door. He called; listened, came right out and called again. He kicked Pichler as he (*Continued on page* 68)



Illustrations by S. Tresilian

A GIGANTIC squid pulled itself up on the steel hand wire by two tentacles. With others it dragged with terrifying purpose at the Jap

ON DUTY

"I think the war must be nearly over," said my girl friend. "What makes you think such an extraordinary thing?" I asked in astonishment. "Well," she confided, "people in shops have been so polite to me just lately." "Nonsense, my dear," I said. "There's no such thing as politeness in shops. You are suffering from illusions of grandeur, did you but know it. This is probably the first symptom of a nervous breakdown." At that moment we stopped at an optician's, as she wanted to buy a case for her sun-glasses. The door was locked, and we were just turning away when a young man dashed after us into the street and asked, very politely, if we had been trying to get into the shop. We said "Yes," and, believe it or not, he actually opened the shop for us and sold my friend a perfectly good spectacle-case for 5s. 11d. Half an hour later I watched my friend trying on a pair of corsets which were being made specially for her. "I suppose," I said, as we left the fitting-room, "it 'll take six months before you get those." "Not a bit of it," she said. "They are being finished in three weeks." Out in the street once more, we saw a window filled with bottles labelled "Perfume." "I suppose those aren't for sale?" I asked the woman inside. "Certainly, madam. Would you like to try the perfume?" By which time I began to think that my girl friend must be right.

Jane Gordon

HOW to keep cool, crisp and fresh-looking during hot, sticky weather, both on duty and off, that is the question. As it happens, I can answer this question for you, as I have collected and listed a series of preparations designed for that very purpose.

To begin with, there is a face pack, price 1s., which you can use when you wish to give yourself a really professional beauty treatment at home. It is quite simple to use. All you do is to mix the contents in a saucer with sufficient warm water to make a smooth cream. If your skin is inclined to be coarse and oily, wash the face and neck with plenty of hot water and a good complexion soap before you apply the mask cream. You leave this on until dry, and rinse off with plenty of tepid water, followed by a cold-water splash. If your complexion has been dried out by sun and wind, you need to massage your face with a good cold cream before you apply the mask. I have found a really nice old-fashioned cold cream—the type our mothers used to use—with a delicate rose perfume, price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.

Land girls will be pleased to know that there is a new "weather cream" now on the market which makes an ideal powder foundation. This is a scientifically balanced formula especially made for fine-texture skins. Incidentally, it is a perfect summer preparation for all redheads. The cost is 4s. 6d.

There is still a sufficient supply of good deodorants on the market to ensure personal freshness. You can get the famous red and white deodorant at 7½d. and 1s. 11d., and two other well-known makes, one for 1s. 9d. and the other for 1s. 6d. If I had a seasonal award of merit to give, I think I should present it to the makers of a medicated lotion which I have just discovered. The formula includes menthol, phenol, thymol and acid salicyl. The effect is both cooling and deodorising, and any girl who suffers from hot, perspiring feet will bless the day she spends 2s. on this preparation. There is a nice medicated foot-powder, which is cooling and antiseptic, at 2s. a tin, and a Gossamer Balm, price 2s. 9d., which is a medicated cream for foot soreness and hard skin. This preparation has a non-sticky, deodorising and cooling effect. For girls who want well-groomed legs but cannot afford the coupons for stockings, there are two preparations, one a liquid make-up for legs at 2s. 6d. a bottle. This is a liquid powder in an excellent tan shade. It spreads smoothly and evenly. The other is a liquid leg-tan, which gives sheen to the legs and produces a sheer stocking effect, for 1s. 6d. a bottle.

If you want these names, prices and addresses listed for you personally, send me a self-addressed and stamped envelope; and when you send for the preparations, for goodness' sake remember to add "postage."

AND OFF

THE beauty aid that women need most in the whole wide world is a safe, sure and permanent cure for superfluous hair, and before we go any further let me say at once that at the present time there is no such thing. Electrolysis is the nearest approach to a permanent cure, but only when used in the hands of an expert, and the reason is simple. For one single hair to be destroyed permanently, the needle has to be introduced exactly into the hair follicle, and precisely the correct amount of electric current has to be applied. Unless the needle gets into the hair follicle, the hair will not be destroyed permanently, and if the treatment is given inexpertly tiny scars will be left.

Besides electrolysis, there are only five safe ways of dealing with superfluous hair. (1) The hair may be bleached to make it less conspicuous; (2) it may be pulled out with forceps or by the expert use of a wax depilatory; (3) special pads of pumice-stone may be used to erase the hair; (4) the safety razor; (5) depilatory creams, powders and liquids will remove the hair from the surface of the skin. None of these methods are permanent and should never be labelled as such.

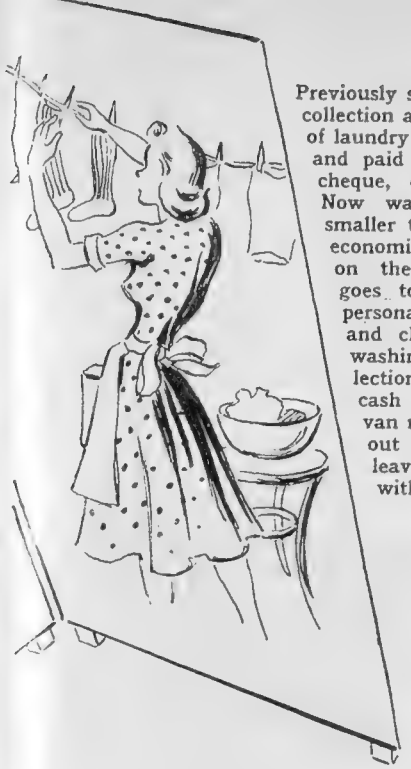
There is a crying need for reform laws dealing with the superfluous hair racket. X-ray or Röntgen-ray treatment for the permanent removal of superfluous hair is not only dangerous, it is downright wicked. Medical authorities agree that no X-ray machine, or any possible modification of X-ray treatment, can permanently remove superfluous hair without at the same time destroying the surrounding tissue. The worst of it is that the damage may not become apparent to the victim until many years after the treatment is given. Some of the harmless depilatories are labelled as permanent, and in this way cause a great deal of unnecessary misery to the women who use them. In America, the Federal laws forbid any preparation being labelled in such a way as to give a false impression to the purchaser. It is a great pity that such a law does not exist in this country.

For practical purposes, the best way of dealing with superfluous hair is as follows: If the facial hair is very marked and (*Continued on page 67*)

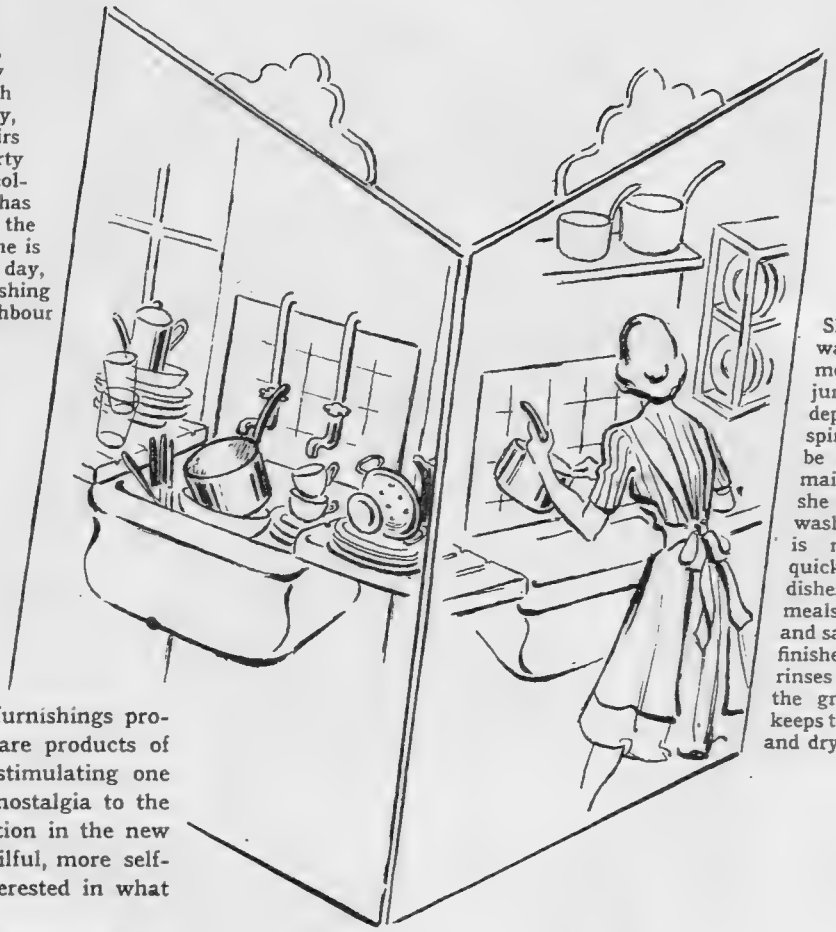
In the palmy days of pre-war housekeeping she used to have breakfast on a tray in bed, and telephone the tradespeople about the day's meals after calling up her friends about the day's gossip. To-day she has finished cleaning house by 9.30, has taken the children to their school, done her shopping and, perhaps, had to join a queue, and is on her way to a part-time war job before, normally, she would have been out of bed

OLD HOME, NEW MISTRESS

The pre-war state of mind was one of complacent ignorance about the details of those menial house-cleaning tasks which were the exclusive province of the maid and the lady who came to do. Now she rejoices in a complete mastery of all these matters. If necessary, she can sweep the flues as well as make a cake, and conserves her tools



Previously she left the collection and dispatch of laundry to the maid and paid the bill, by cheque, each month. Now washes all the smaller things herself, economises drastically on the linen which goes to the laundry, personally sorts, repairs and checks the dirty washing before collection. Always has cash waiting for the van man, and if she is out on collection day, leaves the washing with a neighbour

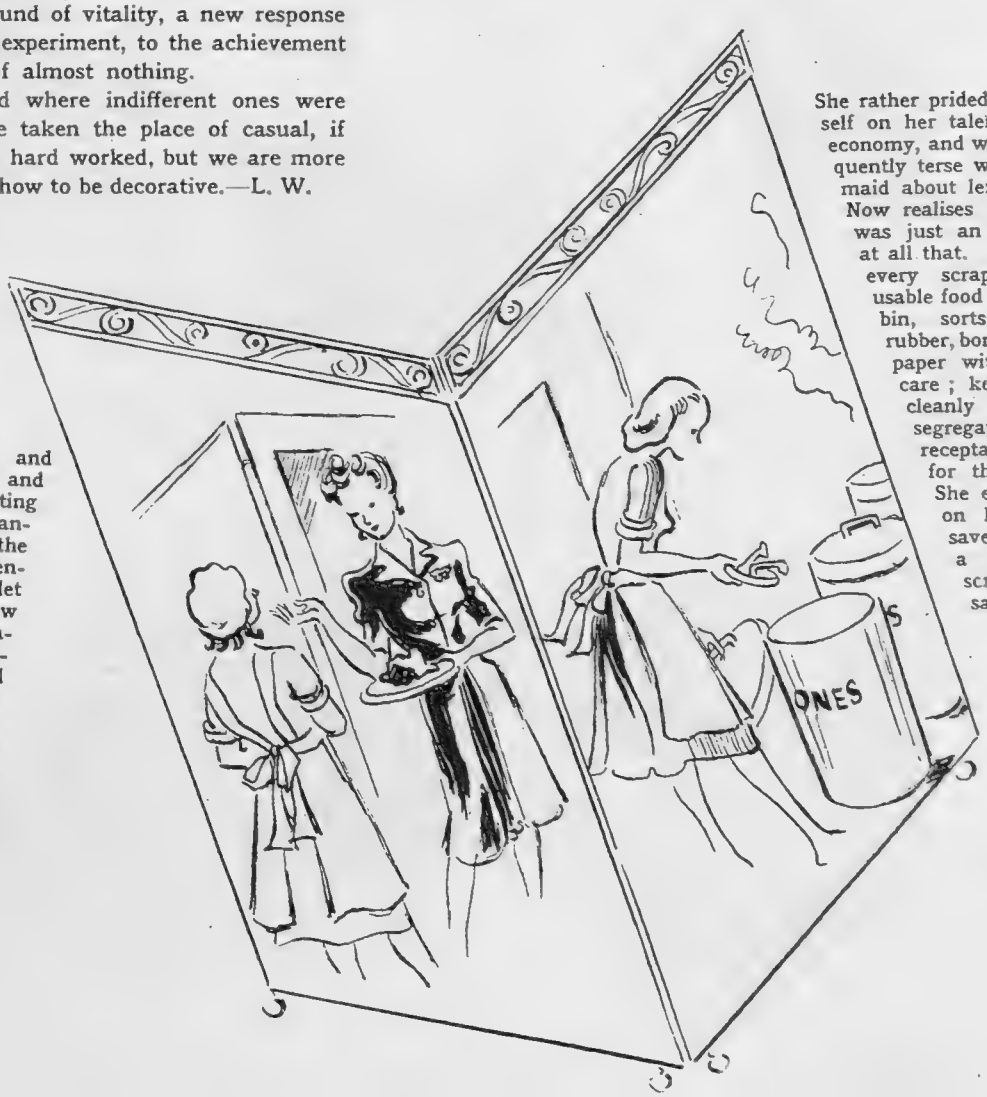


She used to regard washing up as a menial task, injurious to the hands, depressing to the spirit, and only to be endured on the maid's day out. Now she takes daily dish-washing in her stride; is methodical and quick. She stacks dishes neatly after meals, washes pans and saucepans as she finishes with them, rinses dishes before the grease sets and keeps tea cloths clean and dry, ready for use

Homes are old, in every sense, as shabby furnishings proclaim, but the women who preside in them are products of a new era, a more exacting and yet more stimulating one which came with war. We look back with nostalgia to the carefree days, yet finding a certain compensation in the new hard way. Necessity has made us all more skilful, more self-reliant, and in some cases, perhaps, more interested in what was often a humdrum task.

We do not pretend to be enamoured of the hard daily routine at home, but we find a new fund of vitality, a new response to the excitement of trial and experiment, to the achievement of producing something out of almost nothing.

Good cooks have blossomed where indifferent ones were before; keen housewives have taken the place of casual, if decorative, ones. We may be hard worked, but we are more useful, and have not forgotten how to be decorative.—L. W.



She rather prided herself on her talent for economy, and was frequently terse with the maid about left-overs. Now realises that she was just an amateur at all that. She keeps every scrap of unusable food for the pig bin, sorts tins, old rubber, bones and waste paper with a miser's care; keeps them all cleanly and neatly segregated in special receptacles in readiness for the salvage men. She even writes small on her notepaper to save waste and keeps a rag-bag for every scrap of textile she can save for the war effort

Pampered the family and delighted in fetching and carrying for them, getting meals at odd times, cleaning up the swamp in the bathroom and generally encouraging a policy of "let mother do it." Has now almost completed the education of the family in self-support. She allots small daily tasks to each member, even the youngest, according to ability and leisure. People make their own beds, tidy their bedrooms, clean their shoes, wait upon themselves at table and take turns to cook breakfast on Sundays

BRIDES with saved coupons or heirloom veils sometimes contrive to walk up the aisle in white satin. The majority decide on the kind of formal outfit that afterwards becomes a functional part of the wardrobe. A dress and matching jacket, for instance, a dressed-up jumper suit, a linen two-piece.

The outfits on this page, chosen this month from the collections of famous designers, give the high fashion trends in formal summer clothes, and would all be suitable for bride, bride's mother, or guest.

(1) Black moss crêpe jacket suit. The short-sleeved dress has a low, heart-shaped neckline, a skin-tight fit. The jacket breaks from every known line with a long roll collar, full basque, belt crossing to fasten each side. (Rahvis, who also make the rosebud hat and veil.) (2) Navy linen, long-waisted two-piece, with a piqué over-collar, a belt lined with white kid. (Jacqmar.) The coarse natural straw hat, with its up-swung brim, is trimmed with navy and red ribbon. (Thaarup.) (3) Printed crêpe dress and jacket. The short-sleeved dress has a fullish skirt, and fly-away neck-ties, fastening through the jacket collar. (Stiebel.) (4) Empress Eugénie navy felt, trimmed with a navy veil, white jasmine. (Thaarup.)

DRESS:

BY JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

FOR MOTHER

MATERIALS

8 ozs. Copley's 3-ply Excelsior fingering in apple-green; No. 9 needles; 8 buttons; 2 press-studs.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; sleeve seam, 4 ins.; length (including tuck-in for waist), 21 ins.

TENSION

7 st. and 9 rows to 1 in.

ABBREVIATIONS: K.=knit; P.=purl; M.=make; S.=slip; St.=stitch or stitches; Tog.=together; Beg.=beginning; Wl. fwd.=wool forward

THE BACK

Cast on 104 st. Work stocking st. for 10 rows. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 118 st. Work straight until side seams are 12 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 90 st. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 st. at beg. of every row 10 times, leaving 30 st. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

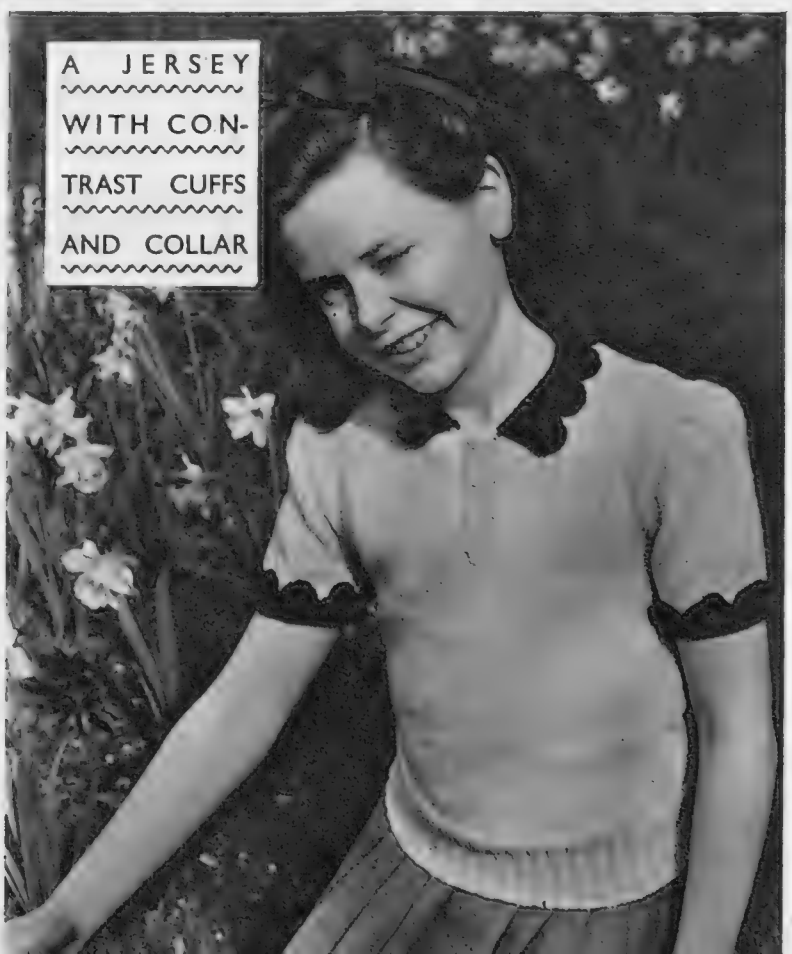
Cast on 78 st. Work stocking st. for 10 rows. Now m. 1 st. at right edge of work on next and every 4th row until there are 7 increases made. Work straight until there are 12 ins. up side seam. K. 2 tog. at shaped edge on every row until there are 7 decreases made. Work straight until there are 5 ins. round curve of armhole. Cast off 50 st. at armhole edge. Cast on 28 st. instead of 50 on next row. Continue on these 56 st. in stocking st. until armhole is 6½ ins. round curve. Cast off 10 st. at neck edge. Now k. 2 tog. next this casting off, on every row until there are 30 st. Cast off 6 st. at armhole edge on every other row 5 times.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on and work as left, with shaping at opposite side, and making buttonholes as follows:

After 2 ins. have been worked, have k. side facing, and k. 8 st. K. 2 tog. wl. fwd., (*Continued on page* 67)

FOR DAUGHTER



MATERIALS

4 ozs. Nursery Viyella Knittings 3-ply, pink; 1 oz. Ramada 3-ply knitting wool, navy; No. 9 needles and No. 11 needles; 3 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round chest, 28 ins.; sleeve seam, 3 ins.; length, 17 ins.

TENSION

7½ st. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 88 st. with No. 11 needles and pink wool. Work k. 2, p. 2, rib for 3 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and the following pattern:

1st row (right side of work).—*S. 1, k. 3, repeat from * to end of row, ending k. 3.

2nd row.—P. Repeat these 2 rows and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of 4th row and every 4th row after, until there are 104 st. Work straight until side seams are 12 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 88 st. Work straight until armholes are 7 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 st. at beg. of every row 10 times, leaving 28 st. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as back until armhole decreasings are finished. Now work 40 st. with right side facing in pattern. Now k. 4 st. Turn. Cast on 4 st. Turn. K. 8, p. to end of row. Continue to keep centre 8 st. always k., and others in pattern until armholes are 5½ ins. round curve. Now cast off 8 st. at centre. K. 2 tog. at centre edge on every row until there are 30 st. Work a few rows to make armhole 7 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 st. at outside edge on every other row 5 times. Return to other 44 st., and do not cast any on and do not work a k. border, but continue pattern until armholes are 5½ ins. round curve. Cast off 4 st. at centre, k. 2 tog. at centre edge on every row until (*Continued on page* 67)

PRE-

BY
WINIFRED
LEWIS

1

3

2

4

FABRICATED HOUSES

PRE-FABRICATED houses, it seems, are to be at least a temporary solution of the housing problem. This we are prepared to accept, but what the average person would like is an assurance that the pre-fabricated house is the kind of home we are going to like and want.

Pre-fabrication, though it is fairly new in this country, has been tried and proved successful in America, in Scandinavia and elsewhere. From these experiments and others which have been completed more recently over here, there is every reason to suppose that the system is good.

A pre-fabricated house—for those who are still in the dark—is one which is constructed from units that are mass produced at a factory, carted and erected in position on a prepared site.

Its advantages are the rapidity with which the houses can be built and, through the standardisation of units and fittings, the reduction in cost which can be achieved in comparison with more conventional systems.

Materials and systems of erection vary according to the materials used and the preferences of the builder or architect, but, on the whole, the methods are the same.

If imagination and skill are used, pre-fabricated houses need not look all alike.

One may take a dozen pre-fabricated houses erected from identical units produced among many thousands at the factory. But external finishes and different methods of assembly will vary their finished appearance to an almost unlimited degree.

An architect who has made a considerable study of the subject is convinced that the pre-fabricated house, with skilful handling, can be as attractive and as durable as any other.

His own designs include the use of weather-boarding for exterior use, asbestos or concrete slabs, as well as elm-boarding, which reproduces the effect of a log-cabin in the most convincing style.

Inside, the pre-fabricated house has most of the advantages of other types and plenty of its own.

For instance, by the older method, kitchens were constructed and then left for the owner to complete with equipment as and where possible. Pre-fabrication discards this haphazard method by combining structure and equipment in a functional way.

In future we can expect that the standardised measurements of all practical kitchen and bathroom equipment will relate in unit form to the dimensions of the walling units.

A finished experiment in pre-fabrication is shown of two English houses which were erected in Surrey.

Each of these semi-detached, two-storey houses has a dining-room, kitchen, sitting-room and entrance hall, with one single and two double bedrooms, a bathroom and lavatory above.

As post-war building costs are unpredictable and certainly susceptible to fluctuation, it is not practicable to give accurate estimates of the probable cost of a pre-fabricated house, but it can be assumed that its ultimate cost will be lower than that of a house of bricks and mortar. So far as their appearance is concerned, the pictures speak for themselves.

5

1. Sweden was building pre-fabricated houses a long time before the war. This is a typical two-storey timber house in that country

2. Inside an English pre-fabricated cottage which has been erected in Surrey in less than two weeks. This is the sitting-room

3. The business end of a kitchen in one of the Churchill pre-fabricated steel houses, which are to be erected in great numbers soon

4. Even the staircase of the English house is pre-fabricated. This house, one of a pair (right), was erected by Uni-Seco Structures Limited

5. This is the exterior back view of the two semi-detached, two-storey houses, of which inside views are shown on the left

6. A substantial family house in Sweden. This and other pictures of Swedish pre-fabricated houses on these pages were lent by Swedish Timber House Export Association of Stockholm

7. Another attractive Swedish house of the middle-class type, and of yet another design

6

7

AT YOUR SERVICE

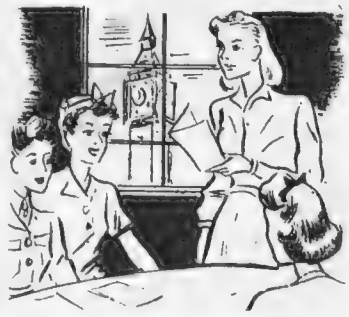
NEW RESPONSIBILITIES AND THE CHANGING CIRCUMSTANCES OF WAR HAVE BROUGHT THEIR COMMON AND PERSONAL PROBLEMS TO WOMEN. STRONG AND FORCEFUL MOVEMENTS ARE AFOOT TO MEET THESE NEW CONDITIONS. WOMEN ARE IN COUNCIL TOGETHER TO GIVE MUTUAL AID AND SECURE A FUTURE IN WHICH INDIVIDUAL DEVELOPMENT AND SOCIAL PROGRESS ARE POSSIBLE FOR ALL. HERE IS A BRIEF SUMMARY OF SOME OF THE UP-AND-DOING ORGANISATIONS WHICH ARE LOOKING TO WOMEN INDIVIDUALLY FOR SUPPORT IN THEIR ENDEAVOUR TO HELP WOMEN COLLECTIVELY.

Designed to co-ordinate the work of smaller groups and organisations working locally to assist women in every sphere of war and peace and to promote their interests in varying fields of social and industrial interest as well as to stimulate combined action for the benefit of common ideals.

THE LONDON WOMEN'S PARLIAMENT. The Organising Committee of the Parliament consists entirely of women on war work. Its aim is to promote conferences of delegates from elected professional associations, trades union branches, factories, housewives' groups and Civil Defence units; to promote measures for securing better conditions for women and a better future for their children.

Issues already constructively handled include Pensions and Dependants' Allowances, Equal Compensation, the instigation of new war nurseries, industrial training and factory welfare.

More particulars can be obtained from the London Women's Parliament, Napier House, 24-27, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.



BRITISH SOCIAL HYGIENE COUNCIL. A fundamental step to which the Council is committed is to promote education in schools and elsewhere in such a way that every boy and girl should receive thorough instruction in those aspects of social biology which will help to make them responsible individuals in an environment they have the power to mould.

To this end the Council places its Consultative Board and Committee of experts in scientific, psychiatric, medical and educational subjects at the disposal of local authorities.

Literature is available through the Council on Marriage, Parenthood, and kindred subjects relating to family life. Headquarters are at Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

A primary aim is to give prestige and economic encouragement to the family, to remove barriers to early marriage, and to apply current scientific and psychological knowledge to problems of adjustment in order to increase the proportion of happy marriages.

Over a period of years the Council's successful aim has been to promote education in mothercraft and to improve facilities and services by means of Welfare Centres in every part of the country for the care of women before and after their children are born.

NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR MATERNITY AND CHILD WELFARE. The publicity which has been given to the vital need for pre-natal and ante-natal care has been given impetus by the backing of the Council, in whose interests some of the greatest authorities on medical and social aspects of child welfare are employed.

A flourishing offspring of the Council for Maternity and Child Welfare is the National Council for the Unmarried Mother and Her Child. This body is constantly active in individual and deserving cases of distress, arranging for the care, employment and rehabilitation of women struggling to start afresh under the handicap of illegitimate motherhood. General Headquarters: 117, Piccadilly, London.

CITIZENS ADVICE BUREAU. This service has accomplished some of the most useful social work on the home front since the war began. It was conceived before the war by the National Council of Social Services and swung into action when hostilities were declared, with the blessing and the financial support of the Government.

In almost every locality throughout the country trained officers of the Citizens Advice Bureau sit daily answering the queries and dispensing practical advice.

Dispensing information about ration books, clothing coupons, pensions and allowances, tax difficulties, evacuation, billeting, distress arising out of enemy action, even tracing friends and relatives overseas is part of the daily routine of the officers of the Bureau.

To answer queries and dispense practical advice free of charge to every male or female citizen perplexed by wartime problems; to interpret official regulations to the public and provide a simple means of contact between the authorities and the man in the street.

The Girls Training Corps is directed towards the interests of the adolescent girl. Its object is to widen her interests and develop her personality as well as to establish stimulating contacts for very young women on the threshold of life and marriage.

GIRLS TRAINING CORPS. Groups have been formed in city and rural districts to bring young girls together in a community of interests as well as to educate them in social and practical aspects of successful womanhood.

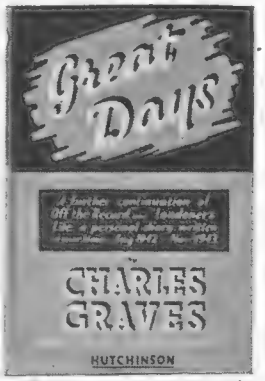
At local headquarters, the companionable atmosphere is reinforced with practical instruction, under expert guidance, in cookery, dressmaking, handicrafts.

It costs sixpence to become a member of the Corps, and there is a weekly contribution thereafter of a few pence. Members are free to resign at any time, but membership automatically expires at the age of twenty. This is essentially a young girl's movement. Headquarters: Windsor House, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

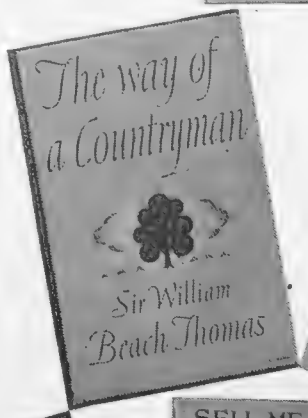
THERE is a story in Mr. Charles Graves's "Great Days" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) that when Mr. Churchill once twitted Montgomery on his silence, the General said he was very sorry, but he was a teetotaller, a non-smoker, and had little conversation. The P.M. is supposed to have replied: "I smoke cigars, drink all the good wine I can find, and am a hell of a good Prime Minister." Other good stories stud this third volume of Mr. Graves's diary (August, 1942—November, 1943), including one about a man who lights a cigarette during a meal and is asked sarcastically by his table companion: "I hope you don't mind my eating while you are smoking." "Not at all," he replies, "as long as I can still hear the band."

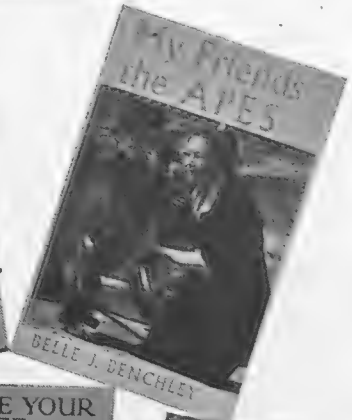
Some of the detail may seem trivial, but the trouble is, if you stopped to wonder what was trivial in a diary there would probably be no diary—and no Pepys. "Peggy" (Mrs. Graves or "Jane Gordon") will be the envy of most wives, for we continually read, "Took Peggy to . . ." and it is not always her war hospital or his Home Guard. There is no "And so to bed" about Mr. Graves. He works so hard that they must have to tuck him, prostrate, into his typewriter.



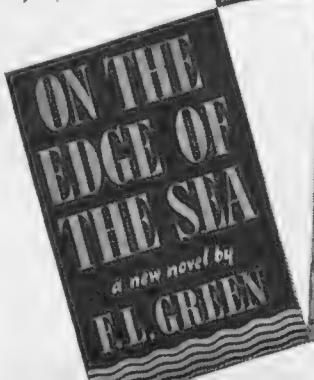
SUPPOSE you are an "underground" worker in Paris, and for the past five months have risked death to help smuggle 150 soldiers out of occupied France. On a morning when a confederate is due to arrive with four more, and others in the movement may call on business, two Gestapo men invade your flat. What would your reactions be? "I remember," writes Mrs. Etta Shiber in "Paris—Underground" (Harrap, 10s. 6d.), "that I looked into the small antique mirror hanging on the wall of the hall and was surprised to find that I was smiling." That touch typifies the cool, detached style of a book which has swept America and was partly serialized here in the *Daily Mail*. It recounts the courageous adventures of Mrs. Shiber and her English friend, Kitty Beaurepos, the former's prison experiences, and her return to the U.S.A. via Lisbon in 1942 under an exchange arrangement. This war has produced no better story in the Nurse Cavell tradition.

IF you want to know what it is like to be a roving correspondent in Spain's civil war, France's 1940 *débâcle*, and London in the blitz, Mr. Jerome Willis tells you in "It Stopped at London" (Hurst & Blackett, 15s.). His is a personal story concerned mainly with the last days of Paris and Barcelona—where even the air raid siren "was slowly degenerating into a hoarse squeak as the electric power of the city fell lower and lower"—and the flight to Bordeaux. Those of us who know the long-limbed "Paddy" with his slow Southern Irish drawl can appreciate the pleasure it has given him to relive those dramatic days through his typewriter; that pleasure is ours, too, even where the theme is grim and events seem to be marching all in the wrong direction. He was always hungry for inside news—and sometimes for food. He helped to collect the raw material of history.





ULLSTEIN'S was the biggest publishing house in Germany before the Hitler curse. It was built up by Leopold Ullstein, a Jewish paper merchant of Furth, until it owned the *Vossische Zeitung*, *Morgenpost*, *B.Z. am Mittag*, the *Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung* and other magazines and trade journals, and employed 100,000. After 1933 its journals were gradually assimilated by the Nazi thugs, compelled to do Goebbels's bidding, and even publish anti-Semitic decrees. Herman Ullstein, youngest of Leopold's five sons, who left Germany in 1938, tells of the change and its political implications in "The Rise and Fall of the House of Ullstein" (Nicholson & Watson, 10s. 6d.), which closes with his wife's sane words: "And even if we are old now, and can no longer make a new start, our children are young and strong. Let us be thankful that they are alive to enjoy the sun and the kindness of their new country!"



DID you know that when gorillas beat their chests—no, I am not talking about Nazis now—they are probably tapping out a kind of drum-language? That is one interesting theory of Mrs. Belle J. Benchley, director of San Diego Zoo, in "My Friends the Apes" (Faber, 12s. 6d.), a doting, prodigiously detailed account of the habits of the Gibbons, Orangs, Chimps, and Hairy (*Continued on page 56*)

This England

SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS, devout nature-writer, grew up in a quiet rectory in deep country where "being out of doors is itself sufficient entertainment when you have the freedom of the garden and the glebe." He went into journalism; travelled Europe, Canada, the United States, Australasia; was war correspondent on the Western Front in the last war. But, "in my life," he says, "it so happened that the last chapter proved to be not altogether unlike the first. The country once again became all in all; and England a prevailing paradise."

This country-love gives unity and symmetry to his autobiography, **"The Way of a Countryman"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), in which we learn, among other things, that his chief, Lord Northcliffe, had keen country interests and General Smuts is a scientific botanist. It is fragrant with "thoughts by England given"; written in a serene and restful prose which is a medicinal antidote to the poison-gas of war jargon. Though one chapter, of necessity, is entitled "War," I can think of few books that offer such a spiritual refuge from it in the peace that endureth where hedges blossom and birds sing.

Women agricultural volunteer workers at Laleham Park, Staines, air their bedding outside their tent before going off to their day's work on the farm

Mary Kitson, of London, a student of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, helping to get in the harvest of a Wiltshire farm

Back to the Land

Factory to Field—Office to Oast-house—The Town-dweller's Working Holiday in the Open Air

By Wilma Buckley

IF you want a holiday that is not of the loafing-about or stay-at-home persuasion; if you want to pay your way while on vacation, rather than add to your existing liabilities; if you want to improve your nervous system in particular and your physique in general *and* do your country a good turn, all at the same time, then you couldn't do better than volunteer for agricultural work on a farm.

Granted an average percentage of health and strength (working on the land is no picnic, let me remind you; don't delude yourself with visions of a pastoral idyll, a little gentle and picturesque haymaking or calling the cattle home in the cool of the evening), the change-over from city life and city jobs to plenty of hard exercise in the open air is of tremendous physical and psychological value. The consciousness that you are doing something constructive and helpful is one factor; complete change of occupation and surroundings is another; added to this, being the plain fact of working out of doors in good country air, come rain, come sunshine, paying your expenses and even earning a profit, so that the money problem—present in the background of most people's minds—is non-existent.

And on top of all this, thrown in for good measure, is the novelty of unusual and interesting companionship, a fine shake-up and mix-up furnished by the extraordinarily heterogeneous collection of volunteers that assemble in agricultural camps. In one camp alone, last year, the "liquorice-all-sorts" element was provided by a bishop, a dustman, a Turkish professor of economics, a policeman, a London typist, a New Zealand sailor, a Canadian airman, an American soldier and three spinster sisters of over sixty years of age—all of whom had elected to spend their leave or vacation in this fashion, working together in great harmony and enjoying the opportunity (as they did) of coming into contact with personalities other than those which they had been accustomed to meet.

So many were the volunteers for last summer's farm work that this year's arrangements have been made on an even larger scale. It is obvious that farmers cannot provide farm-house accommodation for extra and transient land-workers and that their wives already have as much as they can manage in the way of cooking and providing (*Continued on page* 54)

A little relaxation after work at a farm holiday camp at Laleham Park, Staines

A 300-acre corn crop reaped in London. Office workers from the County Hall spent a week's holiday in harvesting wheat at Abbey Wood, less than nine miles from London Bridge

Beauty for baby

IF you see that your baby has an ample sufficiency of vitamins, calcium, and cod-liver oil you are insuring that she will have reasonably good chances of a lovely head of hair, sturdy legs, a good straight back, strong white teeth that will not decay easily, firm ankles that will help a graceful walk later, healthy finger nails, and a vitality that will play its part in forming an attractive character.

So much for the deep-seated foundations that you can build by common-sense health rules. Other features may take a little more trouble on your part.

Hair must be brushed. Use a fairly soft brush for the daily grooming. Bristles hurt. Brush the hair upwards, then use a damp comb and tooth brush if you are trying to encourage curls.

If she fights against a prolonged brushing, massage the scalp caressingly, yet with firmness, so that the scalp is stimulated.

Don't shampoo a baby's hair too often and always use rainwater, a soft soap shampoo (never rub soap on the hair, rather dissolve it in boiling water) and dry it in the sunshine if possible.

Children are only too apt to strain their eyes looking at picture books in the dusk of blacked-out bedrooms, or with a light glaring in front of their eyes. Watch this. When they start studying at school see that close work is counteracted by long-distance gazing, and when out walking have competitions to see who can discern distant things first.

You can use golden eye ointment on lash bases, or vaseline on lashes from about four or five onwards for girls—they will not thank you until they are older, but they will certainly make up for it then.

A small child that is made to have, and enjoy, its full ration of milk, butter and fats, should have a good skin. See that your child learns to drink water between meals and make sure that bowels function regularly and well. This all aids skin beauty.

A quarter of a peeled apple or a whole cored apple is good for teeth. Sweets are not. They should have their sweets immediately after their midday meal, and after tea—sweets eaten between meals and through the day will not help teeth or digestion. Radio-stoleum or calcium and vitamin D preparations are very beneficial to the teeth.

A child's figure is never really indicative of the adult figure-to-be, except in so far as the bone formation and stance of joints. Keep an eye open for any little defects and have a medical examination once a year at least. See that toddlers get one good long rest off overworked legs during the day and if you can spare five minutes to play on the floor with them, play at games that keep them lying flat on their backs, legs straight, for five minutes. Make this an after-lunch routine—it does wonders with the spine.

Another old but excellent deportment training is the book-on-head walk. This is best done after your child has learnt to walk properly, but hasn't advanced to the skipping-about stage.

Later, when she has become a schoolgirl, let her learn to dance, and let your son learn that that abomination to his heart—ballroom dancing—may be annoying to him, but will give him a certain ease of movement later that all his games and sports cannot achieve.

As for your daughter, tap-dancing makes legs lovely and gives an excellent sense of rhythm. So if you want to make her lithe and lilting in movement, let her tap. It is really better for her than ballet.

What Can I Do About My

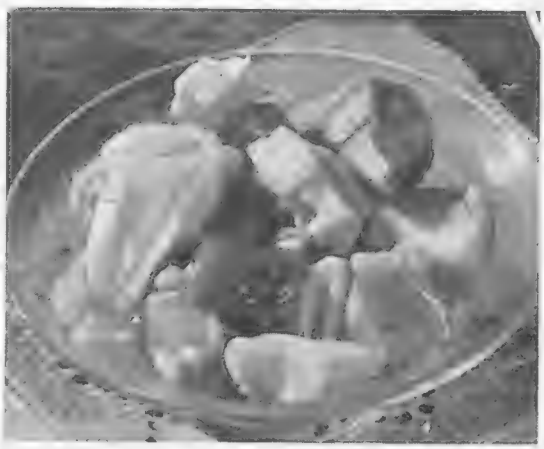
THE routine care of a normal skin is simple. Its true value lies in its regularity. Get a habit of skin care from your earliest twenties and you should manage to keep your skin healthy and reasonably youthful in texture and colour for years.

The most important habit is the before-bed cleansing with lotion, cream or soap and water after cream-cleaning, depending on the texture of your skin. Simple, yet it is the key-note in keeping skins perfect. The next most important rule is nourishing the skin according to its requirements. The normal skin needs a good skin-food massage every two or three nights. Do not plaster the skin-food on and leave it to soak in; even if there was no scarcity of skin-foods it would not be the best method. Take a little skin-food and apply it to forehead and cheeks and chin, then gradually, with a circular upward movement, work the cream into your skin. Work it in until all greasiness has gone and then go to bed. If you have massaged properly you will not look a sight, you will merely have a good bloom on your face. Toning the skin is more important for problem skins. For the normal skin, a good cold water splash in the morning after a cream-cleaning, or warm water wash is sufficient. The massage and routine of cleansing stimulates the circulation and thus is itself slightly toning. The cold water will do the rest.

How Do You Chew?

MOST of us are taught as children that the chewing of hard crusts, apples and raw carrots is beneficial to the teeth, and when we are children it is. But the time comes when all good teeth age and get weaker and that is when one must face the fact that chewing extraordinarily hard things, toffees, crusts and crunchy things is bad for your teeth.

So remember that you are past your childhood, that you have had your final ration of natural teeth, and go warily. Of course, the crime of chewing cotton to break it, of showing a great jaw strength with nuts and bottle stoppers, should never be allowed. Once the enamel has gone from the tooth edge the strength of the tooth has been lessened.



HOME-MADE TOFFEES—THE DENTISTS' DELIGHT

The virtue of chewing hard things is in the exercise that it gives your teeth and therefore the stimulation it gives your gums. If you have reached the age when you must forgo that hard edge of your toast, then you will have to stimulate the gums by gentle daily massage, either with your softest tooth brush or with your first finger.

Use salt now and then on your gums as you massage, and go from left wisdom tooth to right wisdom tooth with tiny circular movements covering gum and tooth base as you go.

As for hard chewing, you can still get beneficial results from a good juicy peeled apple, when they are in season. But do forgo those delightful jaw-breaker toffees, and especially home-made toffees. These are the dentist's delight, dragging out all fillings in record time.

1 I have always had a greasy skin and nothing seems to keep the powder on it. I make up in the morning and it is greasy in a couple of hours. I don't use any creams on it at all.

2 I am beginning to get open pores on my nose and now they are extending over my cheeks and up towards my forehead. I have not got a very greasy skin. I try to press out any pore excretions.

3 I have a very dry skin and tiny lines are forming although I am only thirty-two. I wash my face with soap and water and have always been careful with my skin, not using too much make-up.

4 I have a skin that is very inclined to freckle and I want to use some bleach to get the freckles off in the summer. On the other hand my skin is sensitive and a bleach may be harmful.

5 Every one tells me that the spots on my skin will go because I am only eighteen, but meanwhile it is very unpleasant. Can you help me? Will they go soon and what can I do until they go?

SKIN?

Here are ten questions about everyday skin problems, selected because, judging by readers' letters, they embrace the range of most skin troubles. Some skins are more difficult than others because of their texture, some have been allowed to get out of hand, others are suffering from fatigue, ill health, age, adolescence. If your own skin worry is among them we shall be happy to send you the answer you want or advice to meet your need. Please write to Chrysis, Britannia and Eve, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

6 My skin has always been admired, but now the colour that was once my pride has resolved into myriads of tiny red veins that threaten to get bigger. I lead a healthy outdoor life.

7 All my life I have taken reasonable care of my skin and until recently it has been quite good, but now it seems to be lining badly and deteriorating. I am just forty-three.

8 I am sure that I do not suffer from acne, but every now and then I get a spot on my face. I wait until it is ready and then squeeze it and it goes, but another spot comes. Can you help?

9 For the last five years—I am now twenty-three—I have done nothing for my skin, just used a light make-up and have had hardly any trouble with it. Should I start a beauty routine?

10 For several months I have been ill and now, although I am better, my skin is discoloured and dull. Will it improve and what can I do to help it get a good colour again? I am indoors a lot.

Spots before the eyes? You want to throw things about? Undoubtedly you have

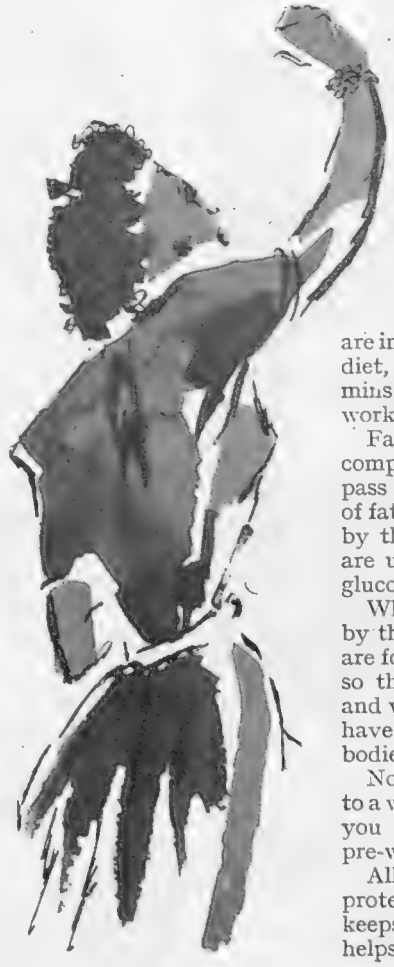
A TOUCH OF LIVER

THE liver is a remarkably important and remarkably large gland. It is about twelve inches across, and six inches thick, and it plays a most important part in the whole system of digestion.

Consider some of its functions: It produces bile, which is stored in the gall bladder until it is required for the digestion of the acid products of proteins. It extracts glucose from the blood, turns it into glycogen and stores it until the body needs it, when it is reconverted into glucose and re-enters the bloodstream. It forms urea (which is excreted by the kidneys) out of the end products of digested proteins, and detoxicates a number of poisons which are absorbed by the process of digestion, and a number which are of bacterial origin. The liver seems to be a maid of all works, and a pretty hard-worked maid at that.

Anything—diet, bloodstream condition, or other physical disorders—that upsets the liver, preventing its normal functioning, can upset the bile contents of the body, the glucose contents of the blood, and in addition can release dozens of poisons into the system. No wonder you feel bad.

The ordinary bilious attack is always caused by indiscretion of diet. A too-rich diet or meal throws



out the balanced action of the liver which is vainly trying to deal with the overdose of fats which are undigested, and too much bile is released. The system, endeavouring to rid itself of the bile, usually terminates the attack by the expulsion of the bile. After that the attack should decrease.

Acidosis is likely to be mistaken for plain biliousness and is quite akin to it. Children are inclined to suffer with it, and it too needs a low fat diet, while proprietary preparations containing vitamins A and D are advisable. Glucose helps the liver's work.

Faulty metabolism of fat is really the cause of the complaint. Generally the fats are digested and then pass via the bloodstream into the liver in the form of fatty acids and glycerin. They are then dealt with by the liver and, with the aid of glucose, the fats are used by the body. That is why the taking of glucose, under doctor's orders, is definitely helpful.

When the acid fats are not properly dealt with by the liver they act as poisons to the body. These are found in the urine (and are called acetone bodies), so that all children who are subject to headaches and what you might think are bilious attacks should have a test to make sure that there are no acetone bodies being excreted by the kidneys.

Now that your liver has been gradually conditioned to a wartime diet, any sudden intake of fat may upset you now, although the intake is less than your pre-war daily fat intake.

All high spices, condiments, and even a high protein diet are bad for your liver. Anything that keeps the bloodstream reasonably cleansed of poisons helps it.

ONE WEEK'S

EGG BASKETS
Having prepared your puff pastry in the ordinary way, line individual small tins and when ready fill with an equal part of scrambled egg and freshly cooked peas. The dried egg should be reconstituted with the water in which the peas were cooked.

GRANDMOTHER'S HALVA
Add to 2 tablespoonfuls of melted margarine 4 oz. flour. When well mixed add ¾ pint of milk and 1½ tablespoonfuls of coffee essence. Bring to the boil, stirring all the time. Add sugar to taste. Remove when thick and serve either cold or warm.

By Harriet Muir

STUFFED MARROW

Pass any remaining meat through the mincer with 2 onions; add an equal part of cooked rice. Salt and pepper to taste.

Peel 1 large marrow, scald, strain, and scoop out the pithy centre. Fill with the meat and rice, place in a fire-proof dish, cover with a white sauce and leave in a medium oven until the marrow is quite tender. Serve with plain boiled rice.

JAM PANCAKES

To save time on Tuesday, make twice the amount of pancakes needed. Don't forget to warm your jam before filling; it goes twice as far.

RICE FANCIES

Make cold rice pudding into rounds, and serve with a chocolate sauce.

FORESTER'S PUDDING

Slice enough boiled potatoes to fill 2 cups. Fry 1 cupful of chopped onions, and when lightly browned add the potatoes and any bacon that can be spared (or meat leftovers) cut into small squares. Mix all together with 2 cupfuls of white sauce, and salt and pepper to taste.

Spread a pancake over the bottom of a fire-proof dish, then a little of the mixture, another pancake, and so on, finishing with a pancake. Sprinkle with grated cheese and melted margarine, and leave in a medium oven for 15 minutes.

BEANS AU GRATIN

This is simply cooked beans well covered with a white sauce, thickly sprinkled with cheese, and browned in the oven or under the grill.

GALANTINE ROLL

Mash 2 cupfuls of tinned galantine with a fork, incorporating slowly ½ cupful of brown sauce and 1 cupful of mashed potatoes. Add 2 eggs (not reconstituted) and mix well. Roll into the shape of a Swiss roll, cover with breadcrumbs, and bake in a fire-proof dish with 3 tablespoonfuls of melted lard and 1 cupful of brown sauce. Baste occasionally during the ½ hour the roll must be left in a hot oven. Serve with new potatoes sprinkled with parsley and melted margarine.

CHEESE SAVOURY

Beat 1 egg, reconstituted with 1 tablespoonful of milk instead of water, add 2 oz. of grated cheese. Roll into 8 small balls, breadcrumb them and fry quickly on all sides. Serve very hot.

SUMMER POTPOURRI

Mix together 1 cupful of each of the following vegetables:

MENUS

young carrots, peas, beans, new potatoes, spring onions, squares of marrow, asparagus tips and cauliflower flowerets. Put in a casserole with a sauce made of 2 oz. of melted margarine, 2 tablespoonfuls (level) of flour and 4 cupfuls of the water in which the vegetables were cooked. Leave for 15 minutes in a hot oven.

ICED FISH

Choose any whole fish sufficient for 8 good portions, and don't cut off the head or tail.

First, boil in 2 pints of salted water 2 sliced onions, 2 large diced carrots, 1 clove of chopped garlic. When all the vegetables are quite tender, add a few peppercorns and 1 tablespoonful of vinegar. Put the fish, thoroughly cleaned and washed, into a fire-proof dish, pour over the stock, including the vegetables, and poach it in a moderate oven until cooked. (An easy way of telling when a fish is ready is to pull gently at the fins; if they come out without effort, the fish is cooked.)

Remove the dish from the oven, and, if you have one, put it in the frig., if not, in the coldest place you can find. Serve it just as it is. This should be made 24 hours before needed.

CHILEAN CREAM

Bring to boiling point 1¼ pints of milk with 8 saccharine tablets, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla essence and 1½ tablespoonfuls of coffee essence. Mix, in a bowl, 5 eggs (not reconstituted) with 2 tablespoonfuls of chocolate powder, and, while stirring, pour over 10 tablespoonfuls of milk. Whisk for 5 minutes, then pour over the rest of the milk. Mix really well.

Put 3 oz. of sugar with ½ tablespoonful of water in a saucepan and burn to a nice golden colour. Pour immediately into a baking tin, coating the sides as well as the bottom. Fill with the milk mixture, stand the whole in a large, deep dish, filled with boiling water, cover with a lid and leave in a medium oven for 50 to 60 minutes. Turn out when almost cold, but serve as cold as possible.

MEADOW SOUP

Fry in 2 oz. of margarine ¼ lb. of diced carrots, 2 oz. of sliced turnips, 4 oz. of onions; add 2 pints of vegetable stock and let simmer for ½ hour. Add a quarter of its quantity of mashed peas and serve with squares of fried toast.

STUDENT'S CAP

Add 2 eggs (not reconstituted) to ½ lb. of sausage meat and 1 dessertspoonful of chopped herbs. Divide the quantity in two and fry in separate pans, spreading the mixture out flat like a thick pancake. When brown, turn over carefully and cook the other side. Choose a soufflé dish the size of your "pancake," put one in the bottom, cover thickly with mashed potatoes, cap with the other "pancake" and leave in a medium oven for 15 minutes. Serve immediately.

POTATO GNOCCHI

Peel 1 lb. of potatoes and boil until soft. Strain and put through a sieve. Add 1 beaten egg (reconstituted) and 4 dessertspoonfuls of flour. Mix well. Shape into balls about the size of a walnut and drop each ball into boiling salted (*Continued on page 53*)

SPINACH SOUP
Bring to the boil 2 pints of vegetable stock; add salt and pepper to taste and 1 lb. of thoroughly washed spinach. Let simmer for ½ hour. Strain, and thicken by slowly adding the liquid to a mixture of 1 oz. of melted margarine and 1 dessertspoonful of flour.

JUNE SALAD
Bake in the oven until tender 2 small beetroots per person. Remove and let cool, peel and scoop out the centres. Fill with chopped raw onions. Serve arranged on lettuce leaves and season the lettuce only.

Salad Days

Health Salad

Mince enough raw cauliflower to fill 2 breakfastcups and mix with 1 cupful of raw shelled peas and 1 of salad cream. Serve surrounded by cold cooked beans dressed with the same cream.

Piquant Dressing

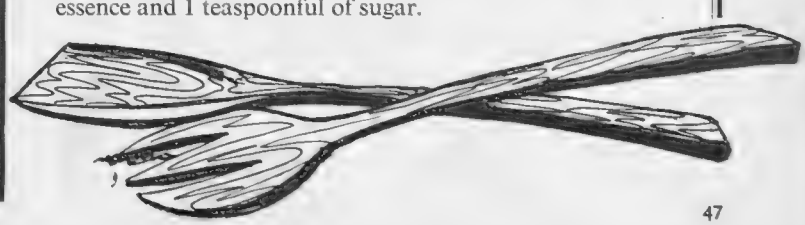
Boil for 10 minutes 2 tablespoonfuls of herbs in ½ pint of water. Strain over 2 crushed cloves of garlic. To 1 egg (not reconstituted) add 1 dessertspoonful of paprika, a pinch of salt and pepper, and moisten with 2 tablespoonfuls of the herb water. Add vinegar or lemon substitute to taste.

French Dressing

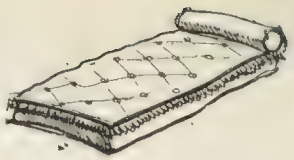
Rub 1 breakfastcupful of ripe tomatoes through a sieve; add the same quantity of salad cream, a teaspoonful of sugar and a tablespoonful of chopped mixed herbs. Beat thoroughly, and turn out into a bowl which has been well rubbed round with garlic.

Spanish Salad

Stone ¼ lb. of ripe cherries. Boil ½ lb. of peas. Scald with boiling, salted water, 1 small cauliflower and break into flowerets. Wash thoroughly 1 lettuce; arrange the larger leaves round the edge of the dish, and in the centre, place the heart portion mixed with the other ingredients. Season with 2 tablespoonfuls of orange juice (cordial) to which are added 2 drops of rum essence and 1 teaspoonful of sugar.



COMFORT IN THE GARDEN



SENSIBLE people will be spending every available moment free from work this summer out of doors or in the garden, if they have one. So, if it is going to be like this, at least let the garden be comfortable so that we can bask at ease.

Overhaul your garden furniture in good time. Bring out one of those air raid mattresses for garden use. Make a loose cover for it of green blackout cloth with a coloured piping or a narrow border of check gingham. You need no special skill to make a mattress cover and it will enable you to stretch your limbs in the sun.

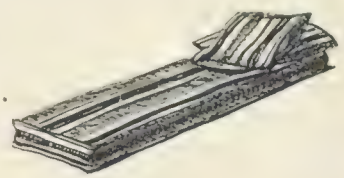
Deck chair canvas is obtainable again now in some places. It takes no more than ten minutes to replace a worn canvas with a new one. Hessian is another good covering for garden chairs and is coupon free. Try for garden cushion covers, too. It comes in good, bright colours and stands up well to rough treatment.

If you haven't a sun lounge or a long deck chair in which you can stretch full length, make a foot rest to go with an ordinary deck chair. Any rough wood box of the right height will do. Pad the top with flock, cover this with a piece of chintz, or any odd length of coloured stuff. Turn in the edges and tack them down, neatening it with a narrow braid. Add a valance for the sides, pile some cushions on the top and you have a perfect leg rest which can be used as a garden stool as well. Or, if you don't want the trouble, pile a heap of cushions at your feet.

A sound table for meals is an asset when you are eating outdoors. Any old or shabby occasional table can be revived for the garden. Cut the legs down to make it a suitable height when you are sitting in low garden chairs; sandpaper the surface and repaint it.

A ground sheet is a worth-while investment if you have no suitable mattress for the garden. Cushions will make it comfortable. Make some specially for the garden by cutting up a worn sheet for a case. Stuff it with kapok or feathers.

If you make an inner cover so that the outer one can be removed for washing, coloured bias binding laid in rows, straight on to the white background, looks very gay. But if you are thinking of laundering, it is better to dye the sheeting before you make the covers.



Little Mother

EVERYWHERE in the land nine, ten and twelve year old girls are learning before their time to cook and clean and shop and cope intelligently with womanly tasks. They are helping mother to cope with the strain of keeping house and holding down a war job while father is away.

These little girls can be called war workers just as much as their mothers to whom they are companion helps in every sense of the term.

Mothers and young daughters start the day together, early. The little girl makes the beds and cleans shoes for both of them while mother is cleaning up and cooking breakfast. After her bath and breakfast, during which they discuss the order for the day, she sees her mother off to work and starts for her nearby school.

The midday meal at school has been a blessing for both. Mother takes her lunch out and daughter is served at school, which leaves only the evening meal to be thought of. Even this is partly arranged by the capable little girl who takes a shopping list to school with her, bringing home the goods on her return, prepares her own tea and sets the evening meal in motion ready for her mother's arrival.

These are real little women, skilful at cleaning brass, running the cleaner over carpets while mother is busy on another part of the house. They make a good cup of tea, and wash the dishes with care and ease.

Together, when mother is at home, they work quickly and efficiently, getting things done with time to spare for the little outings they always share and in entertaining small friends who fall happily into the spirit by waiting upon themselves and washing dishes when a meal is served.

Evenings alone are spent in reading, listening to the wireless, doing the garden in fine weather and writing to father a full report of their daily doings.

All the same, new responsibilities are never allowed to cloud her childish enjoyment. She is still a child, carefree and sometimes mischievous as a child should be, but she enjoys a new poise and a delightful independence in the knowledge that she is a working partner with her mother, and, as such, so nearly a grown-up woman.

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THE IDEAL PANTRY

THE larder has graduated in a few years from a smallish shelved cupboard to an apartment scientifically planned for the easiest and healthiest accommodation of food.

For all this, there is still much room for improvement before the larder in the average small house is as well planned and as usefully equipped as it should be.

The pantry in the house of the future will be an elaborate affair. No longer will the food cupboard share the duties of the broom cupboard, or fit in, as it were, where space happens to be left over from more important things.

This ideal larder will be planned on a larger scale than we are used to. Some part of the kitchen will have to be sacrificed, but as the storage capacity of the new larder and its usefulness will be so much improved, this cannot be a disadvantage.

Good lighting—daylight, where it is possible to achieve it—will be a first essential. Where, for any reason, the daylight is restricted, the system of artificial lighting must be such that no corner of the larder is unlit.

Ventilation will make it possible to keep a cool larder on the hottest day. The cupboard itself will, obviously, be built on to the coolest side of the house and will include the refrigerator as a built-in fixture. Glass drawers to hold cereals and other dried goods, shelves lined with tile or glazed for easy cleaning and tiled walls are a foregone conclusion.

Some way of dividing shelves into sections would be useful, so that different varieties of food can be segregated and kept in such good order that it will be possible to find a particular thing without searching. Some of these sections would be enclosed behind wire netting.

None of the food in the ideal pantry will be exposed to dust or the possibility of contamination by insects or vermin.

Wire racks where vegetables can be kept tidily and in a cool dry atmosphere will be part of the larder fittings. Every shelf will be easily get-at-able and the dimensions of the whole will be such that the housewife can walk into her pantry with perfect freedom and work among her food stores either to check, or clean, or during cooking operations, with as much comfort as she would in the kitchen itself.

Check Your Tins

When you go over your store, inspect each tin carefully to see if there are any dents in the surface. If there are, the contents must be suspect. Look out for rust and consequent corrosion of the metal. Open the affected ones.

Certain tinned foods keep longer than others. Butter is not a good stayer, but tinned soups, jams and fruits in syrup can be relied upon with reasonable safety for an indefinite period.

Meat should be checked up after, say, eighteen months. Vegetables cannot be relied upon for more than about six months and the same applies to fish, except sardines which are preserved in oil. All tins should occasionally be turned over so that the liquid contents are evenly distributed.

The manner in which the tins have been kept is important in estimating their probable condition. A cool, even temperature free from damp is a fairly safe insurance that the food in the tins will be wholesome even after several years.

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To-morrow's Venus (*Continued from page 13*)

imitating the Greek himation. She damped her dress to make it cling more closely to her slim creole figure.

One empire down, another empire up, and women discarded their long graceful lines, and buried themselves in amazing bundles and billows of cloth, lace and brocade. The lovely Spanish Eugenie hooped her skirt out until it looked like a parachute.

The Crimean War girl seems centuries removed from her Boer War sister. The latter, all wasp waist, trailing skirts, frills and furbelows, bears a cousinly resemblance to the Ascot *élégante* of 1914, but might belong to a different age and species compared with the knee-skirted, Eton-cropped Bright Young Thing or Flaming Youth girl of the 'twenties. All are remote from the smart, trim, colourful Venus of the Global War.

Irene Castle was the clue to the new girl who stepped on to the world stage after World War I. A lithe girl, with short curled hair, and legs on view to the knee, replaced the woman whose natural shape had been lost for decades under swathes of textiles. Earlier fashions in women had been set by courtesans, kings' mistresses, artists' models, and musical comedy actresses. But this one was woven out of dance rhythms. She was the prototype of the streamlined girl of the air and plastics age.

There have been variations on the theme since, but no marked change until the present one got under way.

The reactions of millions of sense-sharpened soldiers should provide a guide through some disclosure of mass male preference. For a modern soldier is only a male citizen, age group eighteen to forty, wrenched from family and normal pursuits, clapped into uniform and under discipline, taught the technique of killing and avoiding being killed, and sent into battle by land, sea and air. In these circumstances he tends to become much more keenly aware of the female of the species, and all that she means and can mean, in the same way that soldiers in desert war become abruptly aware of how much they underrated and undervalued water when it was always around and all they had to do when they wanted some was turn on a tap.

Yet observers in this field reach different conclusions, and nothing very definite has yet emerged. John Steinbeck, a keen observer, over here to take a look at the ranker in the war, said to me during our first talk: "Soldiers think of nothing but girls." He was fresh off a troopship then; I was arranging for him to visit a Fleet base, an A.A. gun site, and some other spots, including a bomber station. Returning from the latter, he added: "And they are always the same girls." We were talking in the park-facing flat he worked in, and picking up a sheet of pink typing paper on which he had been banging out a story, he read what he had written about the pin-up girls he had seen in the Fortress station. They were all alike . . . "big-breasted blondes in languorous attitudes, child faces, parted shiny lips and sleepy eyes, which doubtless mean passion, but always the same girls."

I made a mental note to check up on this phenomenon during my own next visits to the transitory homes of land, sea and air fighters. It looked to me as though the bomber crew in the hut in which Steinbeck had bunked for four days must have gone in for child-faced blondes with sleepy eyes, as Spitfire pilots are said to go in for Fifinella types, who don't answer the foregoing description at all; and that Steinbeck had rashly generalized from this. My own observations indicated that one of the troubles about the pin-up girl is that you never can be sure whether she will be blonde or brunette, slight or plump, green or sloe-eyed, icy or impudent. You can find the whole range, with some asides and shade-offs, in a single hut.

One A.A. heavy gun site hut yielded seven Greer Garsons, two Rita Hayworths, one Claudette Colbert, one Garbo, ten Ginger Rogers, one Vera Lynn, and a smudged local-paper photo of the ATS junior commander, a comely wench. One of the Garsons was a facial close-up, the other six showed her in tights. By contrast an Armoured Corps company produced fifteen Hayworths, eleven Eleanor Powells, three Ginger Rogers, one Deanna Durbin, one Lamour, two Loys, a British dress model, anonymous, and a duchess getting into her car and displaying a nice length of leg. The difference in composition of these two mass-pictures may be due to the fact that the A.A. Home Command gunner runs fifteen to eighteen years older than the average Armoured Corps man.

From all of which one can deduce two things. One is that the mould has not yet cooled. The other is that to-morrow's Venus will take the shape of a film actress or dancer.

But trends are established which lead to further conclusions. One is that to-morrow's Venus will display more curves than her pre-war sister.

Another is that the new girl will be long-haired. This trend would show more plainly now but for the Service ban on hair falling below the tunic collar.

A third conclusion is she will become dressy to the point of extravagance and even fantasy.

Finally, from the obstinacy with which the cosmetics industry thrives in war's sour soil, and the prices a dwindling perfume supply command, it is clear that what nature has done for tropical butterflies will be nothing to what the post-war Venus will do to ornament herself.

The last word on the Venus now gestating in the womb of war is that she will need more than looks. There is no stunning beauty who dazzles every one by unaided natural beauty. She has to have something else. Many work hard at an exacting art—acting. Some sing, others dance. Even the young woman who of all others bears the closest resemblance to the Venus of Melos, Helen Wills-Moody, would barely have attracted notice had she not been able to beat all women and most men at a racket-and-ball game.

Yes, that is one thing that is certain. To-morrow's Venus will have to work at her job.

END

One Week's Menus (*Continued from page 47*)

water. Leave them for 10 minutes over a low fire before removing and arranging in a fire-proof dish. Sprinkle liberally with grated cheese and moisten with melted margarine. Leave in a medium oven for 15 minutes.

SAUSAGE GRILL

Allow 2 slices, about ½ in. thick, of liver and garlic sausage per person; breadcrumb and fry them. Cut 4 pork sausages in half lengthwise and grill them. Serve with a purée of mixed vegetables. The sausages can be devilled if preferred.

ANCHOVY SAVOURY

Take 1 oz. of "crisps" (see our cookery article for April), pass them through the mincer and rub them in 1 oz. of self-raising flour and a pinch of salt. Add enough water to form a smooth paste and roll out to ¼ in. thick. Bake in a low oven for 30 minutes.

Serve spread with anchovy butter made with 1 oz. of creamed margarine mixed with 1 teaspoonful of anchovy essence.

RUSSIAN CREAM

Bring to the boil 1½ pints of strong vegetable stock with 1½ pints of milk. Add 1½ lb. of peeled and shredded raw beetroot. Let boil for ¾ hour, add salt and plenty of pepper and strain before serving.

GIPSY CUSTARD

Make an ordinary thick custard and leave it to cool right off. Before serving sprinkle with sultanas and pattern with golden syrup.

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Back To The Land

(*Continued from page 42*)

meals for their families and regular farmhands. About 200 camps have been set up to house these volunteers, some of them (those in the south of England only, let the climate-conscious observe) under canvas, others in hostels and in requisitioned buildings. Any errors of omission or commission in the general scheme of things last summer have been noted and rectified, special attention being paid to such matters as feeding, recreation and hygiene; each camp, in fact, being in the care of a camp warden who looks after the welfare and recreational side.

Getting down to brass tacks, the charge for food and accommodation is twenty-eight shillings a week; workers earn a minimum of a shilling an hour—this being a variable sum, since some farmers pay more (but cannot pay less !)—and must work for thirty-six hours a week; naturally, those who wish to do so can put in many more hours than this statutory number. The shortest stay for which volunteers are taken on is a week. Your journey being really necessary, special cheap railway rates are available to land-working travellers who, incidentally, will be admitted to prohibited and protected areas.

The work involved covers, quite literally, a wide field; there is something to suit all tastes and capabilities, and farmers are wise in fitting the individual to the job. Don't be afraid that you, who hardly know one end of a cow from another, will be put on to do the milking—it's the cow, by the way, not the farmer, who would turn you down should you be rash enough to insist, cows being conservative beasts ! Many jobs on a farm require knowledge and experience and are in the hands of specialists, but there is plenty of suitable work for the newcomer: hoeing, digging, weeding, fruit-gathering, white-washing farm buildings, carting, hay-making and so on. And always you can feel happily conscious of the fact that you are either giving a chance to regular workers for a spell of well-earned leave or relieving them of routine occupations so that they can take a turn at some special farm job for which they are qualified.

Now for some practical hints for the feminine reader. Don't be misled by glamour pictures of young women looking fetching in brief shorts or bathing suits among the haystacks; bared arms and legs invite a minor form of torture in the shape of sunburn, scratches from stubble and insect bites. Trousers are the thing—or skirts and ankle-socks if you dislike or don't possess bifurcated clothing—and shirt sleeves down to the wrist. I need hardly point out the folly of wearing anything but low-heeled, sturdy and comfortable shoes that you have tried and tested.

Take calamine lotion with you (yes ! you can still get it in small quantities from the chemist, maybe after a certain amount of treasure-hunting) if you are liable to over-sunburn. Insect bites are miraculously soothed by the application of a thick paste made with bicarbonate of soda and a little water, simplicity itself. And hands and feet can be successfully "toughened up" by a daily rubbing with methylated spirit—it is, in fact, a good plan to prepare the ground beforehand by doing this for some days before you embark upon your landworking enterprise.

Londoners who want to get full details and the necessary information can apply to the office on the terrace in Trafalgar Square. Regional offices have also been set up in Bristol, Cardiff, Birmingham, Manchester and Leeds. Those intending volunteers who live in the country and who plan to work on neighbouring farms can enrol through the Women's Institutes and local WVS.

I have dealt mainly with the practical and utilitarian aspects of this "back to the land" holiday scheme, with a view to being helpful to the reader. But there is a romantic, a poetical side to the idea, too—that of the nature-lover who hungers for country sights and sounds, for woods and rolling downs and the quiet beauty of the countryside; the office worker, the factory worker, immured in city life, whose chance this is honourably to escape for a while from the situation evoked by Andrew Marvell's lines :—

"But war all this doth overgrow :
We ordnance plant, and powder sow."

END

The North Pacific

(*Continued from page 16*)

to note that the American occupation of the Aleutian group is not the first occasion when American ships of war have been in action inside the Arctic Circle. In 1864 the Confederate commerce raider *Shenandoah* penetrated as far as Bering Strait, and burned and sank a number of New Bedford ships engaged in cutting out their whales among the ice. Most of them were an easy prey for the heavily armed raider. One or two made a successful dash for freedom through the ice pack, and one, the *Favourite* of Fairhaven, put up a show of resistance. Her skipper, Captain Thomas Young, flatly refused to strike his colours, as he phrased it, "to any cussed Confederate pirate that ever floated." His officers and crew, however, decided discretion was the better part of valour; and after they had collected all the ship's stock of arms and ammunition, including the caps from the Old Man's pistols, he was obliged to submit to his fate, still, however, protesting sulphureously and clicking his useless pistols in the faces of his captors.

MANY of the whalers made their headquarters in the Queen Charlotte Islands, off the coast of British Columbia, and there used to be, and perhaps still are, old cabin tables and the like from vanished ships long gone to driftwood, to be found in settlers' houses at Naden and Rose Harbours. I once heard a queer yarn—there were many such to be picked up a few years back along the B.C. waterfronts—about the bones of a mysterious golden-haired woman found by a whaler's crew, together with the skeleton of a large animal, breed unknown, on an island in the Queen Charlottes. It sounded like a chapter from romantic fiction; yet the explorer Stefannson has vouched for the existence of a light-haired and grey-eyed race of Eskimos, descended, so some conjecture, from the survivors of some lost Norse colony of long ago.

Sealers and whalers alike were a bold and reckless breed, and the skippers who raided the rookeries on the Pribyloffs dared alike the risks of the stormy seas and the vengeance of the Russians who claimed the sealing as their own.

The slaughter of the seals was, in fact, a bloody and brutal business, and Kipling's "Rhyme of the Three Sealers" tells a tale which could no doubt be easily paralleled in real life. The B.C. sealers did not visit the rookeries; their business was pelagic fishing, the seals being shot in the water on their way to the breeding grounds, until a regulation prohibiting the killing of seals other than by spearing put the schooners out of business.

Some of the schooners went into the halibut fishery, a few became cruising yachts, and one, the *Casco*, attained fame as the ship in which Robert Louis Stevenson voyaged to the South Seas. But most rotted at their moorings in Victoria Arm, resisting even the attempts of the local authorities to give them a viking's funeral by filling them with fireworks on the occasion of some Pacific Coast carnival. Well—no doubt they are all gone long ago, with the wild old days at the Boomerang Saloon and the Occidental Bar—and only their memory remains in the minds of a few grey-headed skippers whose sailing days, like theirs, are long since over and done.

END

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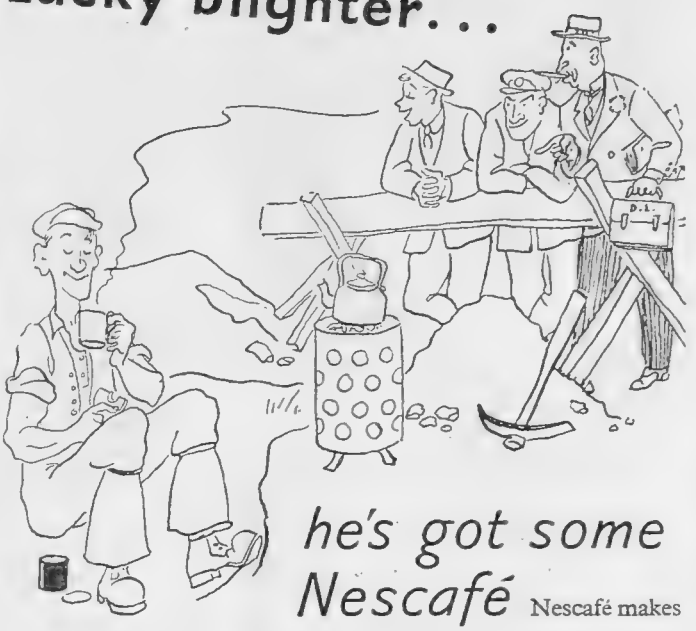

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THE BEST FOR BABY

Books

(Continued from page 41)

Chaps in her charge. She knows so much about apes that she must know quite a lot about men. Animal lovers will find her absorbing, and even entertaining. Our ancestors are featured in plenty of nice hairy photographs.

MR. ERIC BAUME leads the fictioneers this month with a tough story of the Barbary Coast in the fighting fifties, when Sydney was dumping its ex-convicts in 'Frisco to fall for the dance-hall madams of Sailor Town, join the California Gold Rush, and the world's most notorious riff-raff. His chief woman character is a servant-girl who married a sadistic, hymn-singing, Bible-thumbing, hashish and rum-soaked wife-beating skipper, and then flung him to the sharks in Sydney Harbour so that she could take command and join two other men in a promising venture. "Sydney Duck" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) shows a muscular grip on raw drama, seafaring, and the kind of men we might call Barbary apes—only Mrs. Benchley would object. It re-creates a blustering period, and is in every way an unusual, dynamic, swift-moving yarn from the opening—"Captain Hosea Spilbury was flogging his wife"—to the earthquake which appropriately ends it.

MISS ELISSA LANDI is graphic. "Two pairs of posteriors," she writes, "turned over like pancakes on a griddle as the four of them sat up." She is also frank—so frank that when you read "he was only half glad to see her" you think it must be a misprint for half clad. But she has crisp dialogue, a genius for making characters think aloud, writes with intuitive intensity, and a deep understanding of suffering and love—straight, passionate love and the modern, complicated kind which has no future because it has too much past. That makes the drama between Peter and seventeen-year-old Glory in "Women and Peter" (Hurst & Blackett, 9s.) against U.S. stage background.

ARE you interested in a Chelsea slum family—weekly bath, fish-and-chip suppers and all—and its contacts with social superiors? In Mr. William Kean Seymour's "The Little Cages" (Hale, 8s. 6d.), Pa Hamley is an invalid, Ma a Mrs. Mop, Harold a bookish, aspiring Leftish clerk, Doris a music-hall barmaid, Maudie the wife of a brute. Doris is seduced, Harold is smitten by the charming middle-class Clare, so the way is open for social conflict and class-ironies. Mr. Seymour makes the most of a complex situation in a first novel excelling in background and character.

THE stray Anzacs left in Crete were in a sore plight when the main groups of survivors had been broken up. Mr. James Aldridge traces the fortunes of a few of them in "The Sea Eagle" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.), notably of two who came down from the mountains to beg food and try to get away in a boat, aided by a Greek fisherman, Nisus, a patriot with "the devil in his eye." Their hopeless adventures, their fight against the German invaders, make a vivid story, told with the staccato realism we find in Hemingway and a sincerity as biting as acid on an etcher's plate.

IMAGINE the daughter of a needy family applying for a shorthand-typist job and being offered £1,000 to act as co-respondent by a man who wants to divorce his wife. Why not the usual weekend hotel bill? asks Judy Scott. Because, Major Kit Wynthrop explains, his wife happens to be Carole Grahame, stage and film idol, who wants to marry another, and the co-responding must *seem* to be absolutely pukka so that Carole's prestige is in no way harmed. Well, guess what happens when Judy and Kit get together to carry out the contract both in letter and spirit. No, really? Miss Dorothy Quentin evidently enjoys the rather unique situation in "Sell Me Your Life" (Ward Lock, 8s. 6d.). So will her readers.

HOW many wishful thinkers, during the past few years, have imagined themselves hitting the world headlines by *assassinating Hitler*? In Mr. F. L. Green's "On the Edge of the Sea" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) Roland Foss, head of an exporting firm, is offered £15,000 by the firm's Berlin agent for finding someone eager to perform that sanitary operation, and the resulting intrigue, in which a Gestapo agent impersonates one of the conspirators, is exciting. I wouldn't say that the characters are very real, but Hitler certainly is, still—more's the pity. However, we shall soon be doing something about that—outside fiction. We hope.

One sympathized with the South Tyrolese over their plebiscite. They were between the devil and the deep sea. Either they plumped for Musso, or Hitler, and each way they lost. Andreas Mumelter's family, in Ernst Lothar's "Beneath Another Sun" (Harrap, 10s. 6d.), was in that predicament, and things did not improve when it had to move to Pilsen because the Nazis wanted Andreas's engineering skill at the Skoda works. But the change affords us, besides a poignant love story, a burning insight into the barbarities of life in occupied Czechoslovakia and the fierce zeal of the underground "V" movement.

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers:—

"Strangers at My Door," by J. Bissell Thomas (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.). For readers who like a first-class spy story.

"Rogues Rampant," by Gordon Ashe (John Long, 8s. 6d.). A novel of excitement and adventure with a pleasant breath of romance.

"Following Charles," by Stella M. Currey (Selwyn & Blount, 7s. 6d.). The lively history of a professional man's family from the time he was called for his medical until he left England for overseas.

"Folly's Fabric," by Barbara Kaye (Hurst & Blackett, 9s.). A wartime romance.

"The Trials of the Phideas," by E. Laurie Long (Ward Lock, 8s. 6d.). An adventurous sea story of a little paddle steamer bound for South America.

"Overture to Life," by John Michael Townend (Rich & Cowan, 7s. 6d.). The vivid chronicle of an eighteen years old English boy who describes his experiences in Canada and the U.S.A. while training as a fighter pilot in the Fleet Air Arm.

"The Origin of Food Habits," by H. D. Renner (Faber & Faber, 15s.). An international expert on food gives some fascinating explanations as to the origin of food habits between different nations. The author also takes great delight in undermining our pet beliefs and fads concerning food which he illustrates with amusing examples and experiments.

"The Little Locksmith," by Katherine Butler Hathaway (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.). A unique and appealing book for readers of fine writing.

"The Writing on the Wall," by Charles Rosner (The Sylvan Press, 4s.). A little book of pictures compiled from a comprehensive collection of broadsheets, cartoons and prints showing the striking resemblance between Napoleon and Hitler in their efforts to achieve their aim of dominating Europe and the world.

"Selected Plates from The Universal Penman." Engraved by George Bickham, The Elder (W. Heffer & Sons Ltd., 30s.). No. 5 of the Harrow replicas. A selection of the most beautiful examples of the art of eighteenth century penmasters.

"Encomium Musices" (W. Heffer & Sons Ltd., 30s.). No. 6 of the Harrow replicas. A fascinating reproduction of a rare pictorial book depicting musical scenes from the Holy Scriptures, engraved at Antwerp in about 1600 and containing one of the first engravings of music.

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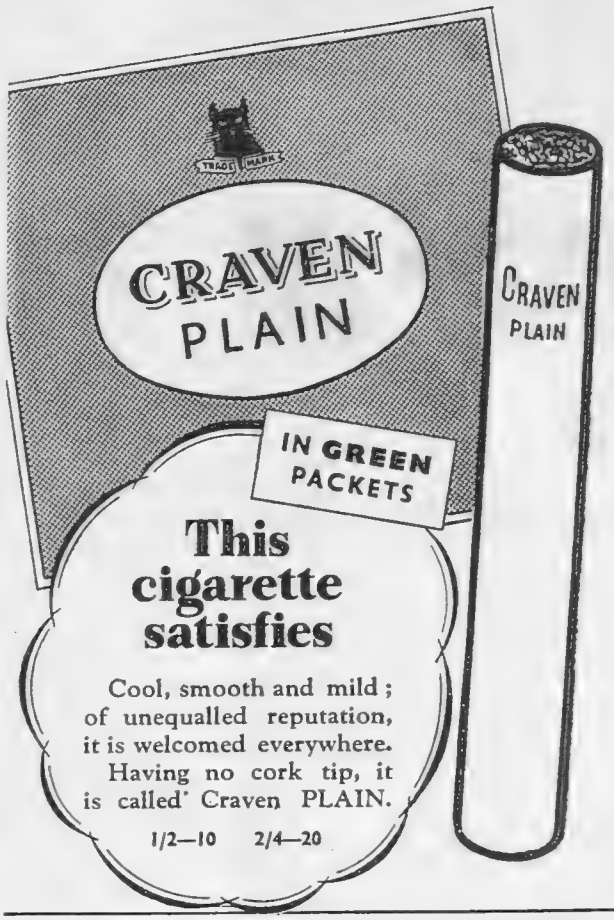

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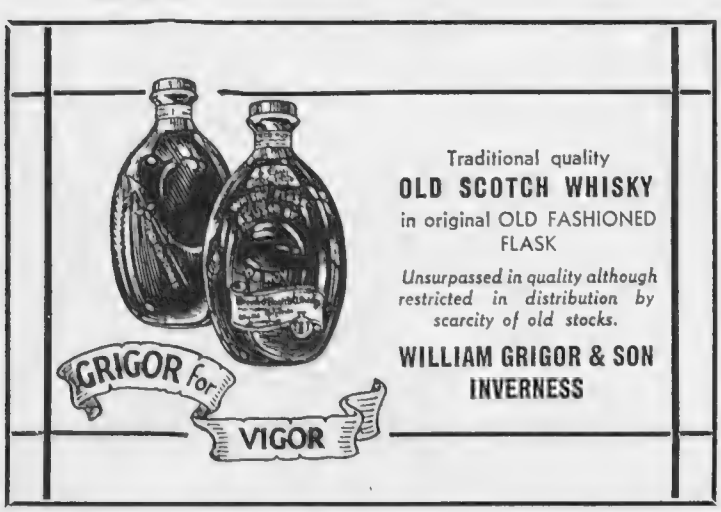
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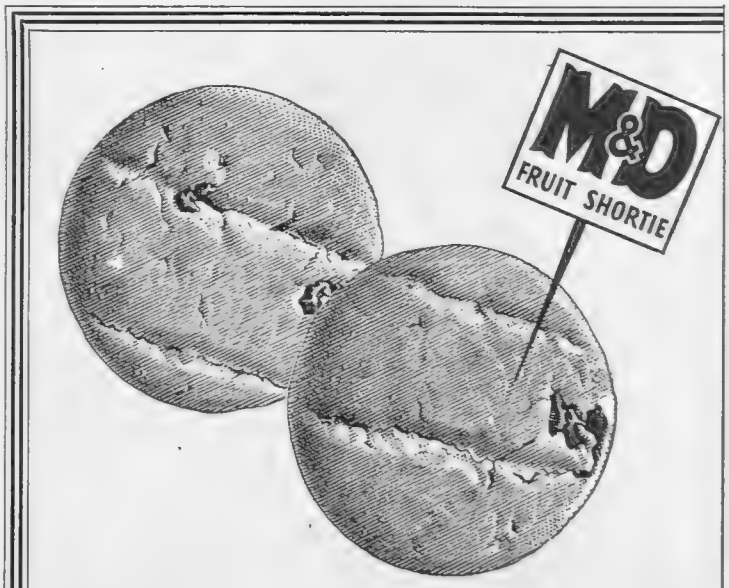

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The Yorkshire Dales (*Continued from page 29*)

Peter Frankland's home in Ripon ("Wapon" in the book), Miss Bone tells us, was "a little old house with a high-peaked roof and small panelled parlours." It stood in the Wapon market square, where the centuries-old custom of blowing a horn to guide belated travellers is still observed, as it was at the period covered by the novel. Elizabeth Bosanquet lived near the cathedral, and Sir Francis Romsey's residence was near Fountain's Abbey—or "St. Wilfrid's," as Miss Bone renames it.

In "The House That Helen Built," the name "Rilham" hides the identity of Ripon, but many clues to this are given. There is a colourful description of a market day in this cathedral town, for Helen Benlowe's daughter, Daphne, composes a piece of music descriptive of the scene.

"The Sapphire Button," the historical romance by the same dales authoress (the home of Miss Bone is at Ripon), gives additional interest to a still more notable ancient city of Yorkshire—York itself. Though the city may not be classed as being in the Yorkshire dales proper, it is at the centre of a wide rural area, and Northallerton (which *can* be regarded as within the confines of the dales country, as it is on the fringe of Swaledale) is also the scene of some outstanding passages in the same novel. Miss Bone makes further use of the Northallerton neighbourhood in "The Burden of Roses."

Northallerton and its neighbourhood has another champion in Cecilia Willoughby, whose "Dooleton" in "Mellory's Yard" (her second and best-known book) is actually that market town.

Wharfedale has no woman novelist who has made it her chief literary interest, and the novels of those well-known male writers, W. Riley and the late Halliwell Sutcliffe, constitute its main literature. Nevertheless, the dale is given more than passing mention in Phyllis Bentley's "Carr" and again in her "Environment." Bolton Abbey is the setting of a memorable picnic in "Carr" and Ilkley is the scene of a dance also described.

"Carr" goes as far afield as Ingleton for its settings. The boarding school for girls, where Catherine Ainsley went to be educated, was at Ingleton.

There is in this fact something of a link between Miss Bentley's novels and those of the Brontës, for the Brontë sisters were educated at a boarding school not far from Ingleton, and they used their schoolday experiences in some of their writings. Similarly again, Miss Bentley's novels are mainly stories of West Riding life rather than tales of the Yorkshire dales.

The late Winifred Holtby confined her scenes chiefly to East Yorkshire (an area also very closely associated with Storm Jameson), and some of her settings are composite ones. Her "Middlethorp" is a combination of Kilham and Boynton, both in the neighbourhood of the East Riding village of Rudston, where she had strong family connections.

Yet her "Land of Green Ginger," the poignant yet powerful story of Joanna and Teddy Leigh, has references to Wensleydale. "Letherwick" and "Scatterthwaite" are in reality two hamlets above East Witton. Other rural places appearing in Miss Holtby's works include Collingham, in Lower Wharfedale, and Driffield. The latter East Riding market town is crossed with Market Weighton to make the "Market Burton" of "Anderby Wold."

The novels of Rutherford Crockett deserve more recognition than they have so far received from Yorkshire people interested in literary lore, for she is not only a resident of the county, but introduces several real dales places into her books. Like Florence Bone, she has made considerable use of historic York.

In "A Gay Lover" she renames the city "Norminster," and she describes it as a city where "the evidence of beauty is laboriously created for its own sake and in the image of God, and where at every turning and street corner one lights on a fragment of a statue, a deserted archway, or the challenge of some half-effaced inscription."

Byland Abbey, the fine relic of a Cistercian monastic house near Ryedale, one of the lesser-known but entrancing Yorkshire dales, figures as "Fairwood Abbey" in the same novel. "Safety Last" covers a considerable part of the county, and references to Swaledale will be found in it. "Green Beck" and "Keasdon" are in that valley.

END

Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page 24*)

hood. She had no time to make plans, however, for it was all she could do to carry the lightning stroke aimed at her by her opponent. She did not wish to harm him at any cost, and so kept on the defensive, hoping for a chance to reveal her identity.

It was difficult, for her helmet had a wide nose guard and did not show enough of her face. Meanwhile the spectators from both camps were shouting so vociferously that the combatants were nearly deafened, and neither one of them could have heard a word from the other. Parrying all the time, Djonder evaded Khaled's blows, while the latter became more and more infuriated. At last Djonder saw her chance. She struck the back of Khaled's horse a terrific blow with the flat of her scimitar. The animal reared, turned and bounded away. This gave her time to unbuckle her helmet, and when Khaled regained control of his mount and returned to the fray he received the shock of his life. Djonder's beautiful face was smiling at him, and in her eyes there was a look that he could scarcely fathom.

This unusual cessation of combat in the midst of a duel roused the spectators to great indignation. But as the protagonists were both children of chieftains they were entitled to have their way, and as a result the hostilities ceased altogether.

Djonder took advantage of this circumstance to reveal to every one the secret of her real identity. She knew that she had nothing to fear, for she was idolized by her father's people.

The unexpected revelation caused great tumult in the heart of Khaled, who now realized the nature of the strange feeling he had had for his cousin ever since they met.

When, for the first time, he beheld Djonder in female attire, adorned with jewels, necklaces and bracelets, he fell at her feet and cried: "Djaida, Djaida—for now I can call you by the true version of your name—how can I bear to think that I tried to kill you, my beloved!"

Djaida, with difficulty, controlled her own feelings. She gently kept him at bay until all obstacles were removed to their reunion. Meanwhile she underwent new training in feminine accomplishments. And one of the first things she did was to have her body tattooed.

She went through the painful operation with the utmost delight, for she felt now that she had established her true sex before Allah and the world. Now she might freely accept the offers of marriage of her handsome Khaled, for her womanhood was complete.

And so these two warriors, neither of whom would ever have accepted mortal defeat, were vanquished by one golden arrow. And they counted it the most glorious victory of their lives—one that not even their fathers' feud could prevent.

For the Arabs it was not only a touching romance of the triumph of love, but also an historic event which did much to lift the veil of darkness from the eyes of all parents. It is good to think that many little girls thereafter owed their lives to the story of Khaled and Djaida.

END

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The Dawn Is Red

(*Continued from page 28*)

diary. He closed the tiny book deliberately and securely tied it in a waterproof sheet which, in turn, he fastened to a lifebelt. Petty Officer John Norwood was idly pruning his finger nails, his chest heaving painfully as he endeavoured to control his laboured breathing.

Commander Stephen Roxburgh completed his log. Then he and two officers systematically destroyed all confidential papers and the few remaining precision instruments.

When he was satisfied that every detail had been completed, the tanks were blown and E-59 wallowed up boldly to the surface, to where the grey dawn mists still hung like a pall over the unruffled waters of the harbour. She remained half submerged, her Diesel engines at full speed ahead, the ominous bulk of the explosive mine pushing ahead and slightly below the waterline. Ahead, barely 150 yards away, the great, long shape of the *Nuremberg* lay restfully at anchor.

Then hell broke loose. Frantic shouts, mingled with guttural commands, wounded the still air, and then the *Nuremberg's* port guns began to belch their flame across the narrow waist of water. Five torpedoes passed within feet of the *Restless*, and one scraped her hull. Great columns of foam-flecked water rose all round the stricken submarine as she forged ahead steadily, unwaveringly, in a direct line that would bring her aft of the *Nuremberg's* bridge, directly beneath the battleship's powder magazine.

The crew of E-59 sat down and waited. They would have less than a minute of waiting now. Their faces were taut, vacuous, and in their eyes was the dull glint of controlled despair. There was no expression of fear, nor of jubilation. There was nothing. Forty-nine drawn faces staring ahead, uncaring, and one face glued against the periscope.

Commander Stephen Roxburgh raised his hand and held it poised for a few seconds. Then his hand descended smartly and he stepped back from the periscope and lowered his head, as if in deepest thought.

At eight bells the sun came redly over the French coast and dispersed the dawn mists. Wisps of grey fog curled upon the white crests of water and went trailing away to nothingness. Soon, the red went out of the sun and the coast of France was covered with a mantle of blue and gold.

The great battleship lay grotesquely on her side, a gaping hole rearing skywards, her masts and funnels pointing crazily out across the water, like gaunt fingers of despair.

END

Strictly Neutral

(*Continued from page 19*)

doze. Looking back on it, the whole job had worked out darned well. They had stumbled on for a few hours after daybreak only to find themselves up against a Wop frontier post. Another five minutes' flying time would have carried them to cosy internment in Switzerland!

"We're going to make a stab at it," Gore had said savagely. The spectacle of those Eyetie guards lolling at their posts with cigarettes in their mouths maddened him. "We'll rush 'em and scramble across somehow."

Hill shook his head slowly. "I don't think I'll be much help," he murmured. "But I might do as a decoy." He brushed aside the skipper's protests. "It's really best, old boy. I'll stagger across with my hands up and explain that I've been wounded. While they're all steamed up with excitement you and James make a dash for it."

Gore turned the idea over in his mind. "Not a bad wheeze," he admitted. "But we're going to take equal chances on who takes the rap." He took a shilling from his trousers pocket. "Odd man out." His mind shot back to the mess where they had flipped coins for drinks only a few short hours ago. They span coins in solemn silence. Two heads and a tail.

"Well, I pay again," Hill said cheerfully. "I must be lucky with the ladies, I think."

It had been a pip. One of the guards had led Hill into the hut, and the other two went over to a couple of neat Rugger tackles, low down. Before they could get up, Gore and James were streaking into Switzerland trying to do the 100 yards in nine seconds flat. Even so, some of the Wop bullets had come dangerously close. The Swiss frontier guards marched them in with solid matter-of-fact faces, but their officer had soon fixed a plate of eggs and whisked out a bottle of red wine.

"I watched the incident through my glasses," he explained in good English. "You are welcome, my friends. It is a pity we could not have your comrade with us, too." They drank a silent toast to poor old Hill.

A WEEK later, Gore had been sent to Sardermatt and James to a place farther north. Gore had pleaded that they should not be separated, but the Swiss authorities had been obstinate on this point. Officers and men were not interned together. It all seemed so long ago since he had shaken hands with James. Italy was out of the war now, and the Nazis were taking an awful creaming from the air.

He put on his uniform, ran a comb through his fair hair and went downstairs.

"A glass of whisky, my friend?" invited the colonel, beaming at him. Without waiting for an answer, he nodded at Foerster, who filled three glasses and passed one to Gore.

"*Merci*, Colonel," he smiled. They were good chaps.

They chatted all through dinner, mostly about events in the Balkans, and Gore kept his end up without having much interest. In a few minutes, likely as not, they would hear the deep roar of Allied planes or the screeching of sirens across the frontier. Gore always raised his glass and drank a toast to the boys up there, and Elise would give him a little nod of sympathy. The Swiss officers, as neutrals, pretended to ignore this by-play, but one could tell from their quiet smiles that the bombers gave them no displeasure.

After dinner, Foerster picked up dance music from Radio Lausanne. He hummed to himself until a waltz came on and then jumped up with arms outstretched to Elise. This time she shook her head.

"You must excuse me, lieutenant. I have much knitting to do." Before he could offer to help she turned to Gore. "Perhaps you would assist me, yes?" she invited with a shy smile. "The wool is so twisted."

He got up at once, grinning broadly. This was a smack in the eye for the lieutenant! Foerster tugged at his moustache and then lit a cigar. He pretended to read a novel but, every other minute, he looked across at the others. Gore, with the wool stretched between his palms, felt pretty good. To-morrow, they would ski together and take a luncheon basket with them. It was wizard sitting out there in the hot sun and chatting about what one would do when the war was over.

"I shall find myself a position in an hotel, perhaps in the Midi," she had told him once. "I love ze sun so much."

"And marry a millionaire, I'll wager," he had teased.

To his surprise the remark had not pleased her. "All millionaires are bald or fat," she had snapped back at him.

She was knitting with quick deft fingers while he tried to unravel a thick tangle of wool. The colonel had lured Foerster into a game of chess, but the lieutenant was clearly not enjoying it. He kept staring at Elise, but she did not look up from her needles.

Then it all hit him suddenly. But for crashing the deck on that last raid he might now have been married to Joan. Her smile teased his memory. (*Continued on page 62*)

Prospects of Peace

AFTER more than four years of strenuous effort we realise the true value of many things we took as a matter of course in the days before the war. The restful ease of a Minty Chair, for instance, and the pleasure to be obtained from a well filled Minty Bookcase are treasures that we appreciate to-day more than ever.

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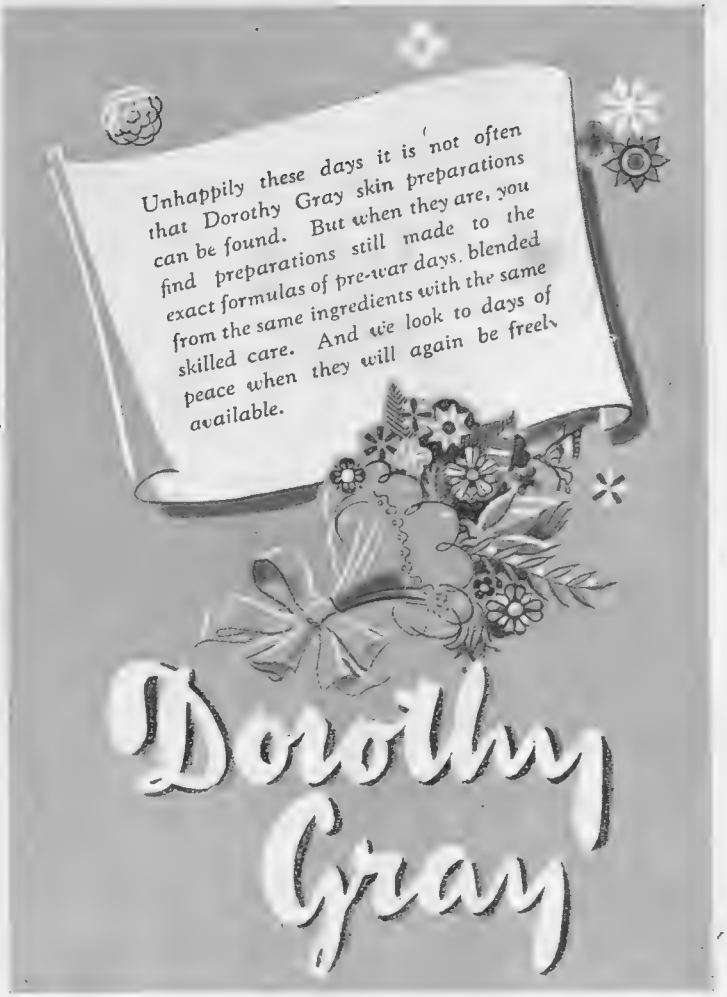
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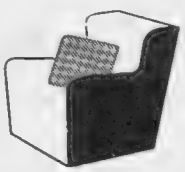

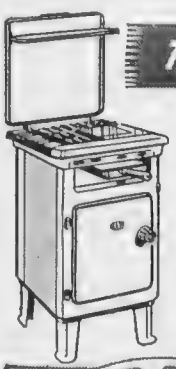

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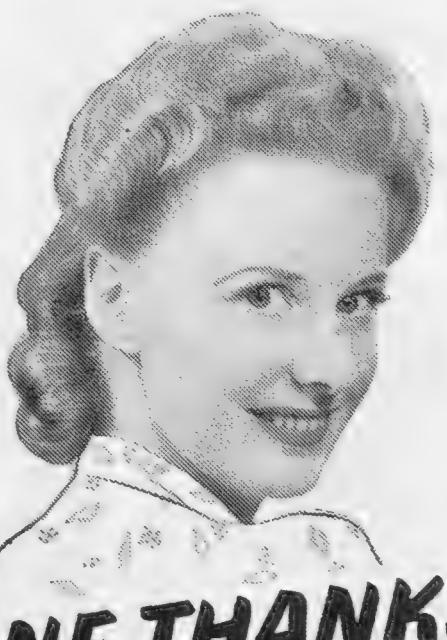

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When I can get it, I prefer

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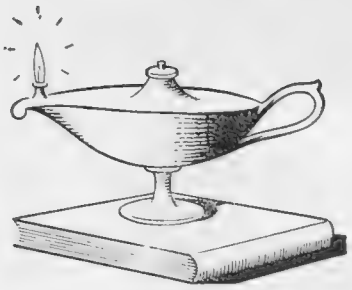

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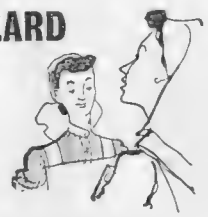

"... Things have changed a lot since I was probationer—there's far less nonsense talked about the virtues of elbow-grease and the nobility of toil!"

"Well look at Matron here—she believes in every labour-saving device she can lay her hands on: and quite right too."

"I agree; and thank goodness she was able to get that ★Acme. I don't know what we should have done without it—there's no wash too big for it and the things come out so beautifully crisp and clean, and it works so easily."

"Well, when *I* set up house...."

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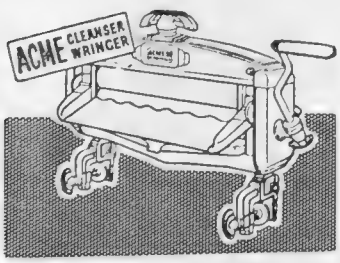

Right now she was probably dancing with some lucky American. He grunted, and Elise looked up at him with steady grey eyes.

"You are bored with zees, monsieur?"

He shook his head, but the lines remained corrugated on his forehead.

"Mate, I think," said Foerster sharply. The colonel clicked his teeth irritably and puffed hard on his cheroot.

"Look here, m'mselle," said Gore, "will you excuse me? I'm rather tired. Too much ski-ing, I guess." He went out, calling a curt good night to the colonel, who raised his eyebrows comically and turned back to the chess board.

"While you are planning an escape from my trap, sir," said Foerster smoothly, "perhaps I will assist mademoiselle."

Elise was staring at her needles with a puzzled frown. She handed the skein of wool to the lieutenant, who managed to stroke her hand before taking it.

"Do not fret, *chérie*," he said softly. "The English are all mad."

A few minutes later, she pleaded a headache and Foerster hurried away to look for aspirin. She went out on the veranda. Gore sat on the rail, smoking. He did not look up, and for a while she stood beside him without saying anything. Then she put her hand lightly on his arm.

"You are sad to-night, Jimmie." It was the first time she had called him by his Christian name, but he did not seem to have noticed. He forced a laugh.

"Oh, I've just got the blues. I get homesick at night like a school kid."

"The war will soon end, perhaps."

"I suppose so," he grunted, handing her his cigarette case. She lit up thoughtfully.

"You are thinking of your fiancée, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Partly," he agreed. "We would have been married if I hadn't been shot down." He shrugged. "'*C'est la guerre*,' as you say."

Her fingers closed over his hand. "You should get away from here," she said seriously. "We are not far from the Italian frontier."

He laughed shortly. "You forget I'm on parole. Otherwise I'd have been over the hills and far away long ago."

She looked back over her shoulder. The colonel and Foerster had settled down to another game.

"Listen to me, my friend," she said in an undertone. "This morning I saw a letter in ze colonel's office. In one week you are to be sent to the north. Ze hotel will become a hostel for refugees from Italy. You may not have another opportunity to escape."

"I wonder the colonel didn't tell me," he said, as if to himself. "I'll miss this place." He slipped his arm about her shoulders. "And you." She seemed to tremble.

"I am feeling a little cold," she said irritably. "If you are wise you will follow my advice. Perhaps the war will endure two more years, perhaps three. With good fortune you could be back in England with your fiancée in a few weeks." She shrugged impatiently and tossed her cigarette away. It smouldered in the snow and then died. "I have friends at Visp; a doctor and his wife who used to come here every summer. They would shelter you and find a way for you over ze frontier. It will not be so difficult once you are in Italy." She gripped his arm, "Do not be sillee, *chéri*," she added fiercely. "You would lose your reason up there in the north in some dull camp."

He frowned thoughtfully. "But Visp is at least thirty kilometres from here."

"A day's ski-ing, no more," she snapped back. "To-morrow, I shall make my excuses and you will ski alone. I shall find food for you and a little map." She hurried back into the lounge before he could say another word. When he had lit a cigarette and followed her in she was waltzing with Foerster, who looked most pleased with himself. The colonel was dozing in an armchair by the fire.

"Good night," Gore called out. Foerster flashed him a bright smile, but Elise did not turn her head. He went up to his room and threw himself on the bed. Slowly, the thing took on a clear shape. Yes, she was right; it would be hell in some God-forsaken place

in the north. The ski-ing had been grand fun and the old colonel was a sport. Funny, how intense the little housekeeper had become all of a sudden; she had been such a mousy person, the last woman who could be connected with a melodramatic escape plan. And yet, was it so melodramatic, after all? He would be in Visp before Mussert had even begun to miss him. After that, it would be up to this friendly doctor. If he were anything like Elise there would be no trouble. True blue, that girl. . . .

Next morning he tried to eat his breakfast but found it heavy going. The colonel was in bright spirits and kept clucking as he read war news items that pleased him. It gave Gore an odd feeling to reflect that this was probably his last meal with the old boy. In a few weeks, with any sort of luck, he might be in one of those bombers roaring over the Alps at night, with the colonel, Foerster and Elise exchanging little glances and trying so hard to appear strictly neutral.

She gave him a searching look when he got up from the breakfast table and he smiled back faintly; otherwise, there was no hint that this was to be other than a normal day at the Hotel Royal. Gore went off to wax his skis. He then sat down and wrote a note to Colonel Mussert, trying to explain his action and thanking him for a hundred kindnesses. He sealed the envelope and put it on the mantelpiece. There was a soft tap on the door and Elise came in. She looked rather pale and strained. In her arms was a bundle of clothes.

"Put these in your rucksack, quickly," she said. "You will need these things for crossing the frontier. No, permit me." With deft fingers she eased them into the bag. "There is some chocolate and a few sandwiches, also a letter to my friends. Their name is Mattoux, and the house you will find near the church. It has a little tower." She spoke rapidly without looking up.

He felt terribly moved, but forced himself to sound casual.

"You have been awfully good to me, Elise," he murmured. She held out her hand. "*Bon voyage*, Jimmie." She was very pale, but her voice was level. "Perhaps, when the war is finished you will come again to Sardermatt with your madame—for a vacation." Then she was gone.

It was a lovely morning, fresh and sunny, and the skis seemed to hum under him. His knees drove forward, and all the tension of the last few hours went out of him as the earth slid away. He felt like singing as he rounded the Schloss and started up the slope. Wouldn't the boys in the mess goggle when he walked in and demanded a pint!

"Where have you been?"

"Oh, just winter-sporting, chaps," he would answer lightly. And what a party they'd throw!

By noon he was ravenous. He found a good spot, parked his poles and slid off the rucksack. He ate a couple of *jambon* sandwiches, delicious bread, and followed up with a slab of chocolate. He was about to wrap up the rest of the bread when he noticed two envelopes. One was addressed to Doctor Mattoux and the other to himself. He opened the latter and a crisp roll of ten-mark notes fell out. Enclosed was a brief message.

"You may need this money. Elise."

He sat down and smoked a cigarette. That girl was a brick, all right. The money probably represented all she had saved in years. He felt a sudden urge to talk to her again. Gosh, he had been a cad brooding over his homesickness while she went on quietly with her job! She had had worries enough of her own: her mother still in Paris, and her brother in some wretched German prison camp. Suddenly he wondered what the old colonel would think when he read his note.

"My God, I'm getting back," he said to himself. Blind anger at his own weakness took hold of him. He must have been crazy to break parole like that. At all costs he must get back before that fool of a chambermaid found the note and passed it to the colonel.

He got to the hotel (*Continued on page 64*)

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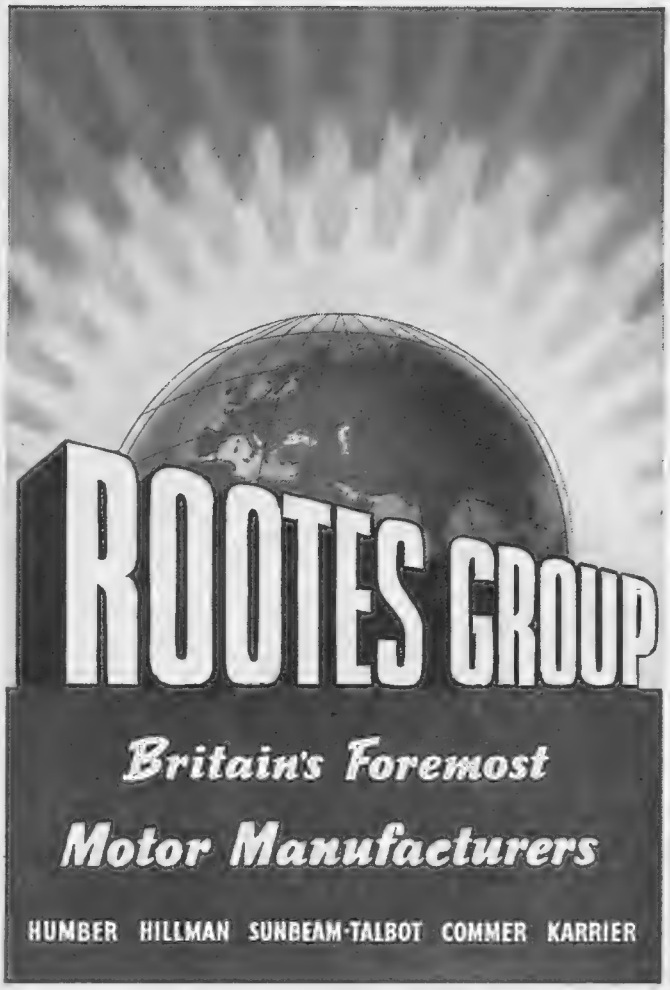

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just as Mussert and the lieutenant were sitting down to lunch.

"Did you have a pleasant run?" asked the colonel. Gore nodded. There was nothing in the old boy's manner to hint that anything out of the ordinary had happened. But he'd have to make sure. He ran up to his room. Thank goodness, the note was still on the mantelpiece although the room had been tidied. He seized the envelope and tore it in pieces.

When he went down Elise was bending over a ledger at the reception desk. She stared at him for a second without seeming to recognize him.

"*Mon Dieu. . . .*" she blurted.

"Yes, I'm back," he cut in with a grin. "Just couldn't go, not like that. Sweet of you to put that cash in my bag." He leaned over the desk and kissed her briskly on the mouth. "Thanks." He was humming "Singing in the Rain" as he walked into the dining-room.

"You have recovered your appetite," commented Foerster. Gore forked a last mouthful and grinned. He turned to the colonel.

"Can I see you for a moment in your office, sir?"

It didn't take long to make his intention clear, but old Mussert did not say anything for a full minute. He kept tapping his desk with a paper-knife.

"And zat is your final decision?" he said at last.

Gore nodded. "I must ask leave to withdraw my parole."

The colonel clicked his tongue and sighed. "It is a pity, monsieur," he mumbled sadly. "I thought you were 'appy."

When Gore got back to the lounge there was a big parcel for him and a packet of letters. He tore open the parcel and grinned cheekily at Elise. "Might have missed my gaspers. Good old Red Cross. . . ."

He picked up the letters; there was one addressed in Joan's handwriting. He read it at a gallop, and then again, more slowly. She hoped he wouldn't think too badly of her. But this was the real thing. She hadn't known how to tell him, but thought it was best to break the news. She was going to be married in a fortnight. Her fiancé was on embarkation leave. "He's a grand chap, Jim, and I know you'd like him. He comes from Texas and I'm going back to the States with him after the war. Do forgive me, darling, but you can't fight your fate. . . ."

Gore had a sudden urge to sing. Instead, he picked up the ledger, threw it up in the air and kissed Elise heartily on the lips.

"An old English custom," he panted. Just at that moment Colonel Mussert walked in. He cleared his throat very noisily.

"Mademoiselle, I have one or two letters to dictate," he said solemnly. "Owing to Monsieur Gore's new policy I shall have to make certain arrangements."

When he had gone Gore put his elbow on the desk.

"I've been snow blind or something for months," he remarked with conviction. "Otherwise, how could I help noticing that you're the most beautiful girl in the world?"

She laughed, a little shakily. "Monsieur is joking."

He shook his head. "This afternoon, you and I are going to do some shopping. I want two wedding presents, one for my ex-fiancée and the other for you." He broke off abruptly. "That is, if you'll be foolish enough to marry me."

She put her arms round his neck and kissed him until he had to bale out breathlessly.

"That is an old French custom," she laughed.

After dinner, Colonel Mussert gazed sadly at his prisoner.

"You are causing me endless trouble," he said gruffly. "I shall have to write to Zurich for at least four more guards. And you will have to be under escort for exercise, in future."

"But this place is going to be a hostel for refugees, isn't it?"

"I have not heard so," said the colonel with a puzzled frown. "What are you saying?"

Gore did not answer. He looked across at Elise, who was darning the lieutenant's socks. She gave him a faint mischievous smile and went on darning furiously.

"Nothing at all, sir," said Gore hurriedly.

The colonel bit off the end of his cheroot. He glanced sideways at Elise and then at Gore. "I wish to make it clear that my digestion is not to be ruined by silly escape attempts," he growled. He stared up at the ceiling. "Of course, it will be several days before the new guards arrive here. Official business moves slowly——" He coughed slightly. "I must; however, take every precaution. Remember that I am neutral, strictly neutral, in this terrible war."

Gore could never quite make up his mind whether the sudden twitch in the colonel's left eyelid was meant to be a wink or not.

END

The Cottage Homes of England

(*Continued from page 25*)

made the floor "springy." To counteract the spring the joists were carried out beyond the walls, and the weight of the upper walls on these projecting ends steadied them.

All over the country building was carried out by local men, who were also their own architects. Thus each district has its own individual style. Besides this, transport was difficult and local material found on the spot was used. In a stone district, as, for instance, the Cotswolds, stone is the common building material, the roofs being of stone slate, which also is quarried there. In corn-growing counties—Sussex, Hampshire and Cambridge—roofs are of thatch. Sussex has also many Horsham stone roofs. Sussex, being a well-wooded county, could supply these, and also the wood for her many half-timbered houses. Between the timbering is plaster. The same method is used in Hereford, the home of the "magpie" houses. In Hampshire the spaces between the timbers are often filled in with bricks. Devon cottages are usually made of cob—a mixture of clay and straw, whitewashed, and they have thatched roofs. Dorset are often stone, sometimes also cob, but usually here either yellow or pink wash is used.

END

Where Are The Forgotten Men?

(*Continued from page 15*)

may be due to ill health. But should it not be he, some other German cardinal or bishop, Catholic or Lutheran, will loom largely, and may be more than one. But before this runs into shameless prediction, I conclude with a prince, a soldier, and a magnate.

When South Germany removes itself, or is removed, from Prussian embrace, many in Munich will cry out for a regime, even temporary, capable of preventing a recurrence of the bloody outbreak of 1919, and of whom should they think but old Rupprecht? Who kept politely clear of Nazis all these years?

The soldier is General von Blomberg, who regularized matters with his girl secretary but violated Prussian military caste rules. He has a clean war record because he hasn't been in it and so he might be served up for policing duties. Finally, old man Thyssen whose supposed anti-Hitler goings-on in France before the war smelt strongly of fake. Vichy handed him over, too—on the surface. No report of his execution has ever come through. Big industrialists will be wanted when the money market again gets busy on the next Germany.

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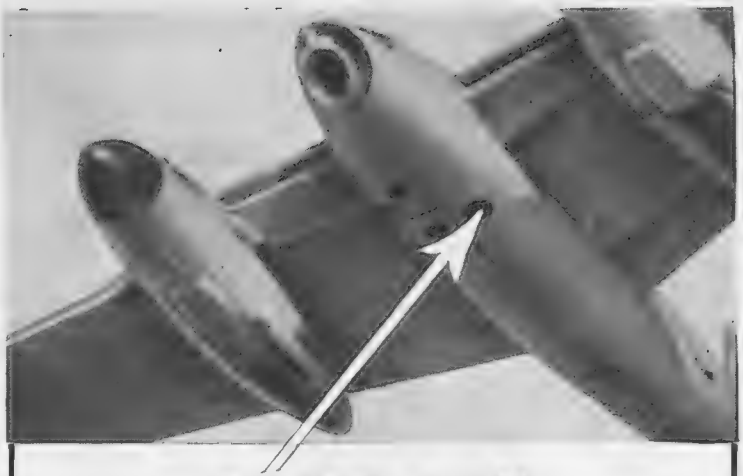

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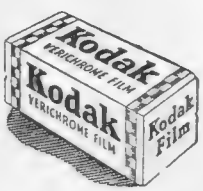

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Sideshow In Berlin (*Continued from page 12*)

Into the moonlit beauty of the garden came Celeste, fairylike in the costume of her act, the tight blue bodice and the froth of the brief ballet skirt over her long slim legs. Straight to the shadow of their favourite tree she came and Peter stepped from it to meet her. He took her in his arms. It was a magic moment. Always after her act Celeste was in another world, drunk with movement and the roar of applause. Open and defenceless, she relaxed into his arms, giving her lips without restraint. Her chestnut curls gleamed in the moonlight, her silvery blue bodice and the froth of ballet skirts were part of the moonlight. Reaching up to him from her long slim legs she had a pale mothlike quality.

Then she drew her lips away from Peter's with a sigh.

"Peter, Peter, I love you. Always remember I love you."

Her lips were on his again and his arms were about her and she seemed to have no weight.

But there was someone running through the garden to their tree. It was Mario, the thin, tall, aristocratic Mario, his costume and make-up of a clown ludicrous over his tense excitement. He knew where to find them.

"Celeste, Celeste."

Celeste drew herself away from Peter quickly, alarmed by the anxiety in Mario's voice.

"What is it, Mario?"

Mario, ignoring Peter, grasped her arm. "Marcel, your partner——"

"Mario!" There was a desperate note in her voice.

Mario was breathless. "He went down to his dressing-room after the act and they picked him up there."

"Who?" asked Peter sharply.

"The Gestapo."

"The Gestapo!" The words were whispered by Celeste.

"But why?" Peter's voice was urgent.

Mario gave him a swift look as if to ask how did it matter why, if they had him. Then Mario grasped Celeste's arm tighter. "Now they look for you. You are involved, yes? Then, quick, we must help you."

A faint nod answered his question, while Peter, as lost as an innocent, groped for the answer to this new puzzle.

"Listen, Peter," said Mario. "Your music cue."

"To hell with my music cue."

"Go," said Mario. "We will look after her."

Then there was a shout of laughter in the garden. Coming down the runway in a jumbled crowd ran the Arabs, splendid in their long blue cloaks lined with scarlet. Then behind them, looking obviously out of place, there stood two men in street clothes looking down into the garden. Peter's cue was insistent. He had to go. He held Celeste's hand for a moment, but her other hand rubbed vaguely across her brow as if trying to rub out reality to regain the illusion of the love that belonged to that moonlit garden.

Then Peter had to run. He passed the two men coming down the runway and turned back for a moment to see if Celeste were still there. But the tide of blue and red cloaks closed about her and she had vanished. They, too, were French, he found himself thinking. They will save her.

The orchestra was beating out an American rhythm and the long line of the English chorus was tapping it out on the stage as he flowed into his own routine in the sudden glare of the footlights. All was noise and light and the swaying of a catchy tune with drums beating it into the audience until hundreds of feet began to tap and the whole theatre hummed and throbbed with the latest rhythm hit from Broadway. But to Peter that was the dream while the reality was a terrifying climax somewhere out in the magic of that garden. Then the curtain was falling and applause was ringing through the house and the next act was already on stage before a drop and the wings were buzzing with the gossip of the arrest and questions asking whether Marcel and Celeste were really spies or whether it was just a frame-up.

Peter ran through the mass of properties and piled scenery backstage out to the wide runway down to the garden. The sudden impact of its undisturbed moonlit beauty struck him like a blow. It was unbelievable. Nothing had happened to destroy it, nothing could have happened.

And there were the Arabs sitting in a jumbled circle, laughing and chattering as if this were any night. He ran over to the group and saw Mario sitting with their chief.

"Mario, is it all right?"

Mario held up his hand to enjoin quietness. "They are in the caravans. They search everywhere, but she is safe."

Then Mario pushed one hand into the voluminous folds of his clown's costume and pulled out a pathetically small froth of tulle which he gave to Peter.

"For remembrance, as you English say."

Peter thrust it into his coat. "She is gone?"

Mario made a slight gesture to the other side of the chief. Peter stared at the young Arab and then in a flash he recognized Celeste even under the dark tan.

"Make no sign," said Mario. "Do not go near. They will suspect."

Then Mario began to laugh. "It was simple. One of the Arab boys is half naked in the tree above us. But first in the stable of the Shetland ponies Celeste rubbed her hair with Madame Rastella's black hair dye and then we mix some in the suntan the chorus girls use for their legs and, *voilà*, all over she is Arab."

Peter stared at Celeste, her clear blue eyes purposely half closed stared back and the pain of separation was on them both. Peter stared and stared unable to see her Raphael-like loveliness in the garish blue and scarlet and under the brown tan.

AND then Flying Officer Peter Hawkins found himself staring silently into the rain-blotted window of an English country mansion while at his side the Padre waited for him to continue.

"Well?" ventured the Padre unable to contain his impatience.

Peter shrugged. "That is all."

"Did she get away?"

"No," said Peter quietly. "Everything was arranged. That night, after the show, she was to go with the Arabs to their rooms and to be with them until Mario could contact those in Berlin who could smuggle her back to France. At every exit there were men of the Gestapo. I could not say good-bye to her; I could not go near her because too many knew we were in love. But I stood to watch her go with the Arabs through that lovely moonlit garden for the last time. She gave no sign but Mario told me that tears started to her eyes and that as they passed through the gate one single tear rolled down her cheek." Peter Hawkins paused.

"Well?" asked the Padre, unable to wait.

"Madame Rastella's hair dye was good, but the suntan of the chorus was made to wash off easily. There was one streak being drawn on her cheek when she passed the gate and they saw it and it was my fault."

"What happened?"

"They took her."

Peter tapped another cigarette with slow deliberation on his case. "The other night," he said slowly, "we carried an eight thousand pound bomb. I know central Berlin like the back of my own hand. I know exactly where the Gestapo headquarters is . . . or was."

The Padre moved away. He believed in love, so too did all these boys in their own way. How could one hope to obliterate the hates that had bitten into some of them, and which sometimes sustained them beyond the normal span of duty?

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

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Of all Chemists and Stores.

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For Mother

(*Continued from page* 37)

k. to end. Repeat this every 2 ins. up to neck (it doesn't matter how near top of neck the last one comes, as the top of neck will be fastened with bow).

THE WAISTBAND

Cast on 30 st. Work stocking st. for 28 ins. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 76 st. Work stocking st. for 1 in. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row for 3 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 20 st. Cast off.

THE BOWS

For sleeves, make 2 as follows: Cast on 12 st. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 22 ins. Make piece in same way for 30 ins. for neck.

TO MAKE UP

Press well, under damp cloth. Sew up side seams. Gather each side and sew yoke flat down over gathers very neatly. Hem fronts, taking right hem back as far as buttonholes. Sew sleeve seams and sew in sleeves, making 3 sewn darts on shoulder, as in sketch. Gather waist into waistband and hem lower edge of waistband to prevent curling, and press. Sew press-studs to waistband and buttons to front overlapping an inch. Sew on the bows and tie them.

END

For Daughter

(*Continued from page* 37)

there are 30 st. Finish as other side.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

With No. 9 needles, cast on 74 st. in pink. Work the pattern for 1½ ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 20 st. Cast off.

THE BUTTONHOLE STRIP

With No. 11 needles and pink wool, cast on 8 st. Work 2 rows all k. Now make a buttonhole as follows: k. 3, k. 2 tog. wl. fwd. k. 3. * Work 12 rows. Repeat buttonhole. Repeat from * until there are 3 holes. Work straight until the front opening length is attained. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are no st. left.

THE COLLAR

With navy and No. 11 needles, cast on 12 st. * Work all k. for 12 rows. Cast on 12 st. at beg. of next row. Work k. on these 24 st. for 4 rows. Cast off 12 st. at beg. of next row. Repeat from * until there are 13 ins. ending on 4 rows on 24 st. Cast off.

THE CUFFS (2 alike)

Cast on and work as collar, only for 10 ins.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew buttonhole strip to right front. Sew on buttons. Sew in sleeves, easing at shoulders for 4 ins. Sew the ends on cuffs and collar into loops, and sew on to jersey when finished.

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 33)

distressing, then consider the question of really good and expert electrolysis. For ordinary purposes the wax depilatory treatment given at a reliable beauty parlour is the best way of dealing with the problem. Nothing is better than good follicle forceps for trimming eyebrows.

For under-arm hair many women prefer the cream or liquid depilatories. When these are hard to come by, a safety razor, shaving brush and shaving cream or soap is a clean and efficient way of removing the hair.

To keep the forearms and legs smooth, depilatory pads or mitts or discs are safe, practical and easy to use. You can get depilatory gloves for 1s. 6d. a pair. Powder the legs or arms well and use the gloves very gently and you will find the hair rubs off easily.

END

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Fog Wrack (*Continued from page* 32)

passed towards the bridge. He shouted. The hissing sibilants reverberated eerily back from the fog walls. There was no answer.

Pichler stirred then, rose upon one elbow, only the bell and the combers shushing softly upon the rocks below.

The petty officer avoided passing near to Pichler as he went inside again and there rose a noisy, excited argument. A sailor emerged and threw light around from a lantern. Then he went back. Pichler crawled to his lair and slept. To the east, hidden behind the curtain of fog, the wonders of a Pacific dawn flared out.

When Pichler woke the sun was high.

The Japs had searched the islands for their comrade. There remained no trace of him. They inspected Pichler, gabbling and gesticulating. But it was obvious he could not have been responsible. They went away. Pichler dragged himself for water and to the garden patch where he ate such root crops as would not be missed by his jailers. He knew he was dying. He wanted to succour his strength to see the completion of an experiment.

Unnaturally, after their previous conduct, the Japs ceased badgering Pichler. He managed some tasks, with one shoulder lifted, against a threatened blow, or to conceal an expression. They watched him. With always a hand close to a pistol. They did spell about; two hours on and four off around the clock. They became suspicious of each other. And drew lots for the next turn to cross the bridge to set the bell ringing.

Another sailor vanished.

They would have shot Pichler then, but the Japs seemed scared to perhaps aggravate this supernatural doom that had dropped upon them. With their credulity regarding the occult and the blind, instinctive obedience to regulations of their creed, they did not refuse to cross the fatal bridge to set the bell ringing. But neither would any one of them venture out of the turn for which he was drawn by lot. So that each man went over to Calf Island in the fog, to a solitary death, until two only were left. Then the last man would go only if the petty officer accompanied him. The P.O., overcoming his dread of the unknown, agreed. He followed to the bridge and the fog was thin enough for him to watch the last man knock off the hoop-iron band that secured the lever and, bending, ease the cogged wheels into each other to set the "spade" ringing the bell.

The bell rang. The sailor shouted something and waved. He came across to the bridge and stopped to glance down to see the apparatus working. The P.O. saw him stoop, queerly, furtively, as if he wanted to reach his foot unnoticed. He stooped. And wriggled strangely. Soft hysterical noises came from him. He was growing smaller in the murkiness of the fog, diminishing in stature, sinking into a misshapen dwarf. It was as if the tidal race in the steep channel, desiring him, drew him down into its bosom effortlessly with some hypnotic magnetism. The man sank without splash, without noise. The bridge was empty.

In a lather of cold sweat the P.O. padded back to the hut. He did not know that Pichler lay close in the rocks. And Pichler was calmly asleep in his lair when the P.O. visited him in the sunlight of the morning.

In the P.O.'s hand was a long-barrelled pistol. Its muzzle pointed down at Pichler's breast. He looked up at it expressionlessly, saw the movements of muscles in the yellow wrist as the trigger finger contracted. Then it fell and the P.O. chattered with fear, monkey-like.

Pichler sat up, hesitant fingers combing his white hair. What was wrong with the day?

The bell that tolled only during fog was ringing!

For two days it rang. Jubilantly, deridingly, triumphantly, scoffingly. Then, his nerve broken, the Jap, all his Asiatic malignity having failed to put Pichler on his feet, carried the white man on his back across the bridge in the sunlight to stop the devilish noise. Pichler collapsed with the exertion. The Jap feared being alone on this island of evil where men were spirited away by demons, and became solicitous of Pichler's health. He carried him back and waited upon him, fed him, gave him drink. He knew it was impossible for this weakling white man, although so much taller, to have overpowered any of them, even had he the witchcraft to be in two places at once. And because it was evident he was dying, and he craved his company, he fought to keep the foreign devil alive until the relief ship came to free him from attendance upon this accursed bell.

On the next day of fog the dread that Pichler might die left the Jap a bit as he remembered the relief ship was overdue and this would probably be the last time for him to cross to Calf Island to the bell. Callously he tried to smash obedience into Pichler to force him to go. But Pichler lay like a corpse, his head lolling under the blows. Impotently the Jap kicked him. Then, muttering invocations against demons, confident of his own strength compared to the weakness of Pichler, he carried him pick-a-back across the bridge for the courage of companionship. His appearance with his burden was eerie as he forced his unwilling steps through the fog.

Pichler was set roughly down on the rocks of Calf Island while the Jap found the lever and fumbled at engaging the cogged wheels.

The lever creaked, grated into position. The bell rang, startlingly as the "spade" in the surging channel took charge. It set the sea birds scattering and crying. Pichler, every sense tuned alert with perception, heard the low mutter of thankfulness as the Jap padded back. He swung Pichler up on his shoulders, a weakly, clinging Old Man of the Sea.

The bridge swayed beneath them.

Pichler called out sharply.

The shock of that voice that had been mute under the insensate beatings coming alive in the fog stopped the Jap dead. The lantern ceased bobbing, fixed. A squat, bow-legged little yellow man in dirty whites with blue chevrons on his sleeve and the insignia of the Japanese navy in his peaked cap. And huddled waiting, tense with expectation, the dying white man on his back. They were walled in by the mist. About them the clamour of the tocsin bell.

Pichler's eyes brightened. Pressing hands on the Jap's shoulders he lifted himself erect in readiness, his legs held tight in the man's grip. A spasmodic jerk. And he was bucked, shaken violently about. The terrific energy of the Jap's squirming threw off his burden. Pichler fell a yard away and crawled to the end of the bridge to watch.

The Jap was tethered by one leg, pinioned to the bridge. His body twitched and gyrated. His free leg kicked. The lantern rolled away, lay tilted, shining light directly on the contorting Jap as though he centred a stage.

The furious boneless twisting and kicking of his untrammelled leg caught on the steel hand wire. His hands clenched upon it. He pressed to it, clamped upon it limpetwise. The bridge swung and buckled as a great force was exerted to drag him off. The Jap was crying now, mouthing through clenched teeth incredibly rapid hissing sibilants that might have been prayers. He was bounced up and down on the wire, wrenched at by the horrific unseen power.

Obscure things crept up to him. There were more than one of the things. They became discernible in the lantern light. Shining rubbery coils and soup-plate-sized sessile suckers. One snaked up his body. A fragment of cloth ripped away with a loud tearing noise. The rag fluttered, was cast away into the blackness. The thick, tapering tentacle snapped back to another hold.

Pichler dragged his paralysed legs from off the bridge.

Something huge, shapeless, blurred, massive and wobbly, was heaving up. A foul stench merged into the fog. A great neb of stained white bone flashed in the light. The bamboo roadway was crunched away, splintered. The mass of mottled, warted and hideously ugly flesh without form or firm line was centred by hooked mandibles. A gigantic squid pulled itself up on the steel hand wire by two tentacles. With others it dragged with terrifying purpose at the Jap. The bridge crackled and tilted. The beak opened and snapped and tore. Bit by bit the Jap's body was torn off the hand wire.

The lantern flickered. Or was Pichler's strength waning?

He knew he was dying. He wanted to die away from this accursed place. With infinite patience and pain he regained the hut. He lay listening to the tolling of the fog bell. . . .

Weeks after the relief ship came, not under the Rising Sun but flying the Stars and Stripes of an American war vessel. They found a corpse whose withered lips had dried curled up on the left side in a grin of victory. At his side on the floor was a completed pamphlet —that was, by the way, never utilized or published by the society to which it was addressed—dealing in a coldly scientific manner with an experiment carried out by the author in which a giant squid had learned to surface at the tolling of a bell to reach food placed upon a bamboo bridge.

END

Samsons of the Animal World (*Continued from page* 20)

as large as a man for a distance of forty yards.

When an elephant wants to remain stationary, tremendous power is needed to shift it. On one occasion an attempt was made to drag an elephant from a truck into a huge crate. A donkey engine was to effect the transfer of the elephant from one receptacle to the other. But, in the tug of war which followed, the donkey engine was easily worsted. The elephant just sat back in the truck and bent the sides like a biscuit tin. It was not until a crane was linked up to the engine that the elephant could be made to budge.

Turning to the sea, there are certain fish which must be mentioned whenever the Samsons of the animal world are under consideration.

A peace-time sport in some of the waters off our coasts was tunny fishing. This was not surprising for a tunny is one of the gamest fish in the sea, and it is also one of the strongest. One famous tunny fisherman says he has known a one-inch manila rope broken by a tunny with five men holding on to the other end of the rope.

The strongest animals in the sea and also in the world are whales. It has been calculated that when moving at maximum speed the largest whales develop something like 500 horse-power.

During a whaling expedition off the coast of Siberia a vessel made fast to a blue whale—the largest of all whales. The great animal (some of them weigh 100 tons) ran out 3,000 feet of line. The ship then put its engines to full speed astern, but so great was the strength of the whale that it towed it *forward* for seven hours at a speed of never less than eight knots, or nine miles per hour.

END

1.6.44

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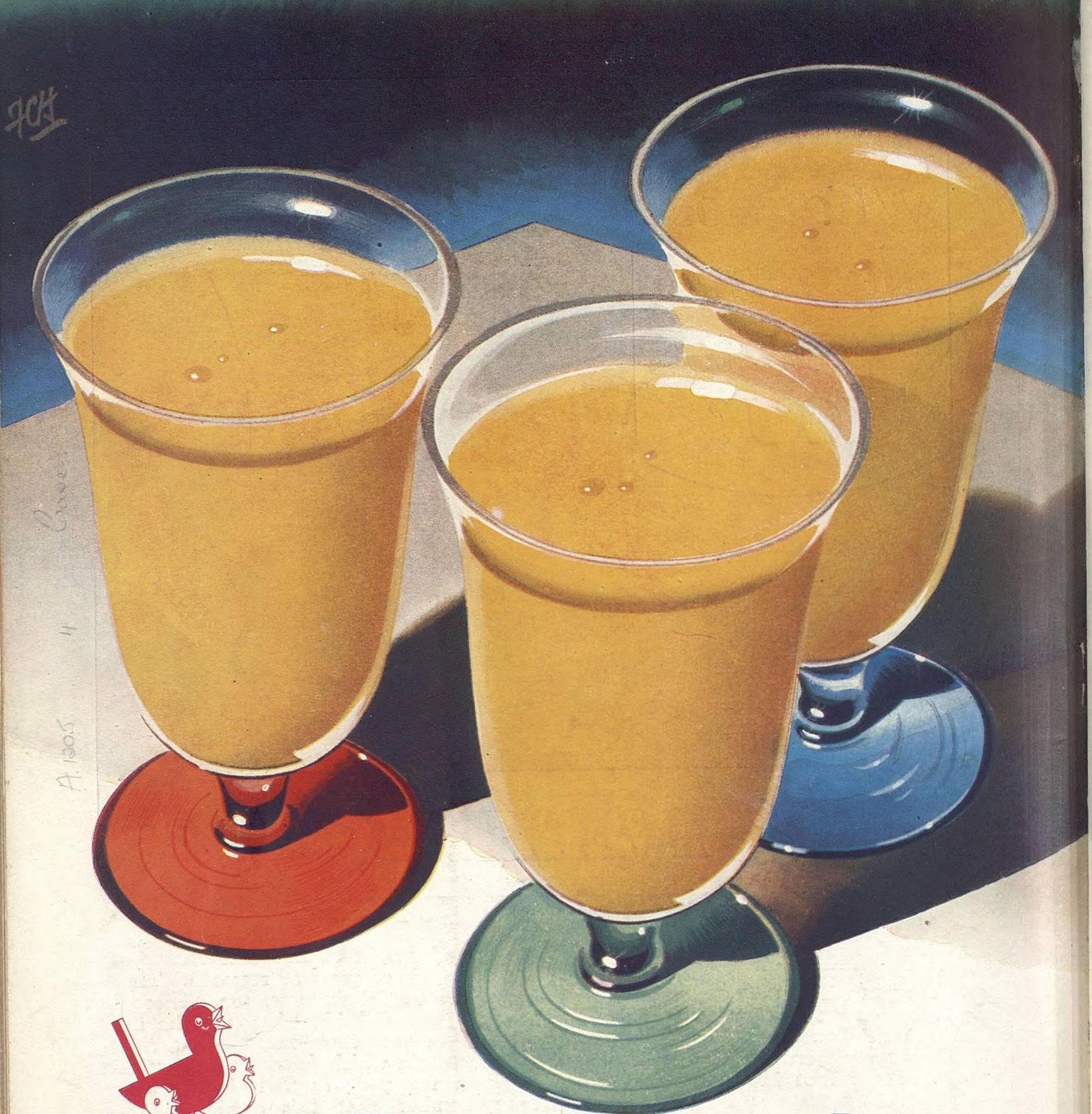

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